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Kentuckians in History and Literature

By
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"Richard Hickman Menefee"

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To
H. S. J.

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PREFACE

"KENTUCKY as she was; Kentucky as she is; Kentucky as she will be; Kentucky forever." These words of Chief-Justice Robertson express a sentiment that is dear to me. And because of this love for Kentucky, these researches into her literature and history have been made and are now given to the world for whatever they may be worth. As nearly all of the essays deal with the founders and perfecters of our history and literature, they must, of necessity, overlap. No apology is made for this: the sympathetic reader will understand.

Practically all of the studies have required research, effort—the most fascinating, laborious, and disappointing of literary labor; and they have also required Col. R. T. Durrett's wonderful library of Kentuckiana. Mr. Madison Cawein, Louisville, Kentucky; Mr. Montgomery Blair, Washington, D. C.; Hon. William Nelson, Secretary of the New Jersey Historical Society, and Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, Secretary of the Kentucky Historical Society, have assisted me in making the essays reliable, and I have done my best to make them readable.

One of the essays was published in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* last summer; two have appeared in the Kentucky Historical Society's publication, *The Register;* and four of them were printed in *The Transylvanian,* the Kentucky University paper. These seven essays have been greatly revised and augmented, and five new ones added, which are now published for the first time in "Kentuckians in History and Literature."

J. W. T.

Lexington, Kentucky, *May 24, 1907.*

THE FIRST KENTUCKY NOVELIST

THE FIRST KENTUCKY NOVELIST

MEN are to-day more interested in literary creations than they are in literary creators. "It will always be found more just," says an American critic of authority, "as well as more generous, to judge a man's life by his book than to judge his book by his life." Yet it is natural that one should desire to know the salient facts in the life of an author whose work has interested one, even though those facts do not throw additional light upon the production in hand. With this position granted, I shall relate the biography of Kentucky's first novelist, a life that was utterly devoid of virtue, together with a discussion of his novel and history.

Gilbert Imlay, the first Kentucky novelist, was born in New Jersey in or about 1755. His father was Peter Imlay, a son of Robert Imlay, who died in 1750 at Upper Freehold, Monmouth County, New Jersey. Gilbert Imlay's grandmother, Mary Imlay, dying in 1754, referred to him in her will. Of Imlay's mother not even her name has been saved to history, but his brother Robert died in 1822.

Imlay was captain of a New Jersey com-

pany in the Revolutionary War. After its termination he probably returned to his home to bid his parents farewell, and in 1784 he arrived in Kentucky. He was appointed "a commissioner for laying out lands in the back settlements," and worked under George May at Louisville.

A letter in regard to Imlay, from the notorious Gen. James Wilkinson to Mathew Irvine, is preserved in the Emmet Collection of Manuscripts, in the New York Public Library.

"CARLISLE, September 28, 1784.

"Dear Sir:

"Your affairs with Mr. Imlay remain in the same situation they did when I last wrote you —however I expect by my return that Mr. Imlay must have procured unequivocal Titles sufficient to take up his Bonds—if he has, the Business will be immediately closed, otherwise it will remain in its present situation—for were I to push or expose Imlay in his present critical situation, ruin would come upon him and you would lose your property, probably forever—depend, Sir, on my fidelity and attention, and be assured I am Your obliged and obedient servant,

"JAMES WILKINSON.

"MATHEW IRVINE, ESQ."

During the years 1785, 1786 patents were issued to Imlay for 24,171 acres of land located in Fayette and Jefferson Counties, Kentucky. Also, in Jefferson County, in partnership with the famous Light Horse Harry Lee, he held 1200 acres, and with John Holder, 4023 acres. Within a few months, however, Wilkinson and Lee had either bought or sold all of his Kentucky holdings, and in 1786 Imlay gave a power of attorney for the sale of his lands in New Jersey.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, Gilbert Imlay lived in Kentucky for nearly eight years. It is not positively known when he left America for Europe, but it was late in 1791 or early in 1792; for in 1792 the first edition of his "Topographical Description of the Western Territory of North America" was published at London. In the following year it was reprinted at New York, and also translated into German by E. A. W. Zimmerman and brought out in Berlin. An enlarged edition, containing John Filson's history, Thomas Hutchins's "Descriptions," and much additional material, was issued in 1795. A second enlarged edition appeared two years later. It is, after Filson's, Fitzroy's, and Toulmin's, the fourth history of Kentucky.

The "Topographical Description" is all

that a monograph on a new country should be. The epistolary form was adopted, the book containing eleven letters written from Kentucky to a friend in England. Through his friend, Imlay told the world about Kentucky's salubrious climate, her rich soil, her customs, etc., treating them exhaustively. In the ninth letter he crossed swords with Thomas Jefferson, coming out flat-footed in favor of marriage between the white and black races. It will take time for the world to accept amalgamation, but the world will become as enlightened on this subject as I am, ultimately. This is Imlay's position, stated without his clever rhetoric. One ceases, after having read the ninth letter of the "Description," to wonder that Imlay would deceive a woman.

In 1793 Imlay laid before the French Directory plans for the capturing of New Orleans by the French, and the ease with which they could enlist men from Kentucky in support of their project. Wilkinson had made similar representations to the French Minister in the United States in 1792. "His suggestion that the French might take possession of all the country west of the Alleghanies would seem to show that Imlay and Wilkinson were, in a measure, the forerunners of Aaron Burr's scheme of a dozen years later."

It was while living in this State that Gilbert

Imlay wrote the first novel ever written in Kentucky. He took the manuscript with him to London, where it was published in 1793. It is entitled "The Emigrants, or the History of an Expatriated Family, being a delineation of English manners drawn from real characters. Written in America, by G. Imlay, Esq." It is the story of a Mr. T—n and his family of one son and three daughters. The real heroine of "The Emigrants" is the most beautiful and charming of the daughters, Caroline. Mr. T—n was a wealthy London merchant who suddenly lost his fortune and was compelled to emigrate to America. First settling in Philadelphia, he moved to Pittsburg and thence down the Ohio River to Louisville. "The Emigrants" was published in three small volumes and bound in marbled calf. The second volume may be called the real Kentucky one. In it are recounted the experiences of the expatriated family in this State. When they arrived in Louisville they found that Caroline's lover, Captain Arl—ton, had gone to Lexington, but a letter from his friend, who was managing his affair with Caroline, brought him quickly upon the scene. The emigrants remained in Kentucky from June until August. During the latter month Caroline was captured by Indians, but was safely rescued. In the third and final volume the family's return

to Europe is related, and all ends well. "The Emigrants" is most interesting; more so than many of the six best sellers of the present time. "In accord with the fictional fashion of its day, it bears the epistolary form."

A comprehensive review of "The Emigrants" appeared in the *London Monthly Review* for August, 1793, and is as follows:

"In a novel written by the intelligent and lively author of the topographical description of the western territory of America, the public will naturally look for something more than a sentimental tale; and we can assure our readers that they will find in these volumes many things which are not commonly to be perceived in writings of this class. Not that the author is incapable of unfolding the tender passion, and of expressing its enchanting emotions. He frequently pours forth high and almost idolatrous encomiums on the fair sex; and he describes the rise and progress of life with all the ardour of youthful sensibility:—but he comprehends within the plan of his work many other objects, which will render it interesting to the philosopher, as well as to the lover. Several lively descriptions of American scenes, both natural and artificial, are introduced. The characters of the piece are so distinctly marked, and so perfectly consonant to the

present state of manners, that we can easily credit the writer's assertion that the principal part of his story is founded on facts, and, in every instance, he has had a real character for his model. Reflections frequently occur, in the course of the narrative, which discover a mind inured to philosophical speculation. On the general subject of politics, Mr. Imlay expresses himself with the freedom of an enlightened philosopher, and advances sentiments which will be generally approved by those who are capable of divesting themselves of the powerful prejudices arising from self-interest:—but the principal design of the work appears to be to turn public attention toward the present state of society with regard to marriage. It is an opinion, which this writer seems to think it of great importance to communicate and support, that the female world is at present, in consequence of the rigour of matrimonial institutions, in a state of oppressive vassalage; and that it would greatly increase the happiness of society if divorces could be more easily obtained. Several of the characters and incidents of these volumes are introduced for the purpose of illustrating and confirming this observation; and the question, in different parts of the work, is expressly discussed.

"After all, however, that Mr. Imlay has ad-

vanced on the subject, it may, we apprehend, be maintained that the inconveniences which have flowed from the existing laws respecting marriage have proceeded more from depraved manners of the age, than from the nature of the institutions themselves; and that the perpetuity and inviolability of the marriage contract contribute essentially toward the virtue and the general happiness of society,—however unfortunate may be the lot of individuals, many instances of which, it is confessed, we have known, without being able to afford relief to the guiltless sufferers; and can there be a more disagreeable situation for a man of feeling, than to witness the distresses which he can not alleviate?"

"The Emigrants" is the rarest of the rare Kentucky books. An extensive correspondence has revealed the fact that there are probably but four copies in existence. The British Museum, the John Carter Brown Library of Brown University, the New York Public Library, and the Filson Club all have copies of the novel. The New York Public Library bought their set on March 10, 1898, for $7.12 at the sale of the library of Charles Deane, an eminent Boston collector of rare Americana; and Col. R. T. Durrett picked up his set for the Filson Club Library many years ago in

London. It is the only one in Kentucky at the present time.

In 1793 Gilbert Imlay left London for Paris, and during the year "he formed that memorable connection with Mary Wollstonecraft, which has gained for her the sympathy of all readers of her impassioned letters, and left him with the unenviable character of 'the base Indian who threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe.' Imlay was evidently inconstant, sensual, and unfeeling." But she fell in love with him. She was the first of the modern "new women." Her ideas are held to-day by many leaders of thought among women, except on the question of marriage. Mary Wollstonecraft held mutual affection equivalent to marriage. As she loved Imlay, she felt justified in taking up her abode with him without a legal marriage. There is little doubt that she regarded herself as Imlay's wife in the sight of God and man. The real trouble was, Imlay did not return her affection.

By August, 1793, they were living together in Paris as man and wife. In the fall of the same year Imlay was called to Havre on business, and later established commercial relations there. His wife joined him shortly afterward.

In the spring of 1794 Mrs. Imlay gave birth

to a daughter who was named Fanny Imlay. She is, "after her mother, the most attractive character with whom we meet in the whole enormous mass of Godwin's manuscripts." As she grew up she became a lovable woman, and an optimist. But at times she was pessimistic. In October, 1816, it was arranged for Fanny to go to Ireland to be with two of her aunts. But at Swansea, on October 10, she committed suicide. The cause of her rash act is unknown. In a note which she left she referred to herself as "a being whose birth was unfortunate," and added that her friends would soon forget "such a creature ever existed." She had probably recently heard of her origin, become despondent over it, and made way with herself. On March 10, 1794, Mrs. Imlay wrote a letter from Havre to her sister, Everina Wollstonecraft, in which she referred to Imlay as "a most worthy man," "a most natural, unaffected creature." It is quite clear that this "handsome scoundrel" had completely pulled the wool over the eyes of an otherwise remarkable woman. In September of the same year Imlay went to London and his wife returned to Paris. The separation served to chill what little affection Imlay had for her. He remained in London about two months. His business was in a bad way by this time, and he decided to engage in

trade connected with Norway and Sweden. He finally permitted his wife and child to join him in London, as he thought his Scandinavian trade would bring him a fortune. In 1795 Mrs. Imlay went to Norway to look after Imlay's business. Imlay armed her with a document certifying that she was his wife and empowering her to act for him. He himself went on a trip to another country.

Mrs. Imlay returned to England in the autumn of 1795, only to receive letters from Imlay that they were to part. He offered to settle an annuity on little Fanny, but she neither accepted nor refused anything. She left it to his own discretion. Imlay gave a bond for a sum to be settled upon their child, but it was never paid. Mrs. Imlay's last letter to Imlay was dated London, December, 1795. He met her again shortly afterward and tried to make her believe he had no other attachment, but she discovered he was carrying on an intrigue with another woman under her own roof. They met again, by accident, for the last time in April, 1796. Imlay was riding upon a horse, and when he saw Mary he alighted, "and walked with her for some time." Separation was now the only course left open to them, and they took leave of each other forever. Later, Mary Wollstonecraft tried to commit suicide, but her attempt was frus-

trated. She soon regained her equipoise, and on March 29, 1797, married William Godwin (1756-1836), the English philosopher and novelist. Their only child became the wife of the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley. But in giving her child birth the mother forfeited her own life. Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindications of the Rights of Women" gives her a permanent place in English letters.

The late Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, in his sketch of Imlay in the "Dictionary of National Biography," concludes with these words: "He possibly returned to America; the time and place of his death are unknown." The distinguished librarian is correct in his second statement, but it is my opinion that Imlay did not return to America. As has already been suggested, the last glimpse we have of Imlay is in April, 1796. If he returned to America, who prepared the last edition of the "Topographical Description," published at London in 1797? This final edition contains very large additions, and it would seem most likely that Imlay prepared it for publication. Mr. William Nelson, the New Jersey historian, who has most carefully gone through the New York and Philadelphia newspapers, *The Gentleman's Magazine,* and *Notes and Queries* covering the years 1795-1830, for notices of Imlay's death or of his re-

turn to America, and has failed to find either, is nearer the truth when he asks: "From the utter lack of mention of Gilbert Imlay after 1796, do you not think it quite possible that he died obscurely in London or Paris, or elsewhere on the Continent, shortly after parting with Mary Wollstonecraft, and that he never returned to America at all?" The present writer answers, "Yes."

KENTUCKIANS IN THE HALLS OF FAME

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For the past few years Kentuckians have been at sea as to their representatives for the National Statuary Hall at Washington. The question as to the proper representatives has been the all-absorbing topic among students of the State's history, but as yet no conclusion has been reached.

In the latest Kentucky legislature several bills were introduced proposing different distinguished Kentuckians for the places in the Statuary Hall. The historical societies of the State failed to agree on the two men who should be chosen. The Filson Club suggested the names of Henry Clay and George Rogers Clark; the Kentucky State Historical Society proposed the names of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. On account of this conflict, and also on account of the large amount of business that the legislature had to transact, the two Kentuckians were not chosen. The next legislature will no doubt select the State's representatives for the older of the two American Valhallas.

When the old hall of the House of Representatives was abandoned by the lower house of Congress in 1857 for the new house, the question arose as to its final disposition. The Senate chamber of the old Congressional building was converted into the chamber of the United States Supreme Court. But it was not until Justin S. Morrill, father of the State Colleges, came forward with a bill that was finally passed July 2, 1864, setting the old hall apart as the National Statuary Hall, that its future use was determined. Morrill's act authorized the President to invite the States to provide statues in marble or bronze, not exceeding two in number from each State, of deceased persons who have been citizens of the State and are illustrious for their historic renown or for distinguished or military services, such as each State may deem to be worthy of this national commemoration. Many of the States have not yet taken advantage of this opportunity to commemorate forever two of their greatest sons in the manner in which they should.

To-day only fourteen States have sent their full quota, as follows: Connecticut, Roger Sherman and Jonathan Trumbull; Illinois, James Shields and Frances E. Willard; Massachusetts, John Winthrop and Samuel Adams; Maryland, John Hanson and Charles Carroll; Missouri, Thomas H. Benton and Francis P.

Blair, Jr.; New Hampshire, John Stark and Daniel Webster; New Jersey, Richard Stockton and Phil Kearny; New York, Robert R. Livingston and George Clinton; Ohio, James A. Garfield and William Allen; Pennsylvania, Robert Fulton and John P. G. Muhlenberg; Rhode Island, Nathanael Greene and Roger Williams; Texas, Sam Houston and Stephen F. Austin; Vermont, Jacob Collamer and Ethan Allen; West Virginia, John E. Kenna and Francis H. Pierpont. Of these twenty-eight famous Americans, Kentucky has a good claim on two of them: Blair and Austin. Francis Preston Blair was born in Lexington, Kentucky, February 19, 1821. When he was nine years old his father moved to Washington, D. C., to assume control of the *Congressional Globe*. Blair graduated from Princeton University in 1841, and then returned to Kentucky to study law under Louis Marshall. He graduated in the law school of the Transylvania University at Lexington, and then moved to St. Louis to practice. In September, 1847, Blair again returned to Kentucky to claim his Kentucky sweetheart as his wife—Miss Apolline Alexander, of Woodford County. On September 8 they were married. Blair returned to Missouri the following year and began the practice of law. In 1862 he was elected to the Missouri legislature and four

years later to the National House of Representatives. Blair was a distinguished Union soldier in the Civil War, but after the war he joined the Democratic party. In 1868 he was nominated for Vice-President with Governor Horatio Seymour for President, but was defeated. He was elected to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate and served from January, 1871, to March, 1873. Shortly afterward he was stricken with paralysis and died in St. Louis, July 9, 1875.

Stephen Fuller Austin, the founder of Texas, was born in Virginia in 1793, and, according to the Hon. Champ Clark, Missouri's noted representative in the National House, and a native Kentuckian, "Austin was an alumnus of Transylvania University, at which famous seat of learning I spent three of the happiest, most laborious, and most profitable years of a busy life. The two most celebrated names on the roster of the students were those of Jefferson Davis and Stephen F. Austin. Frequently, when I can snatch a moment from this strenuous life, my heart fondly travels back over mountain, vale, and river to the days of my youth about Lexington.

> "Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
> And fondly broods with Miser care;
> Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

Austin was the uncle of Mrs. Horace Holley, wife of the famous Transylvania University president. After her husband's death she moved to Texas to live with her distinguished kinsman, and later wrote a "History of Texas." Austin went to Texas in 1821 and founded the city of Austin. He was a great worker for Texas independence, and is rightly called "the founder of Texas." He was imprisoned for three months in Mexico while on one of his missions. Some months before his death he traveled through Kentucky, making speeches advocating the independence of his adopted State. Austin died in Columbia, Texas, December 27, 1836. He is one of Texas's greatest sons, and his memory is honored throughout the State.

Five other States have sent one statue of a gifted son to Statuary Hall: Indiana, Oliver P. Morton; Kansas, John J. Ingalls; Maine, William King; Michigan, Lewis Cass; Wisconsin, Père Marquette. Kentucky has no claim upon these men. Besides Kentucky, there are twenty-five other States that have not sent representatives to Statuary Hall. Nearly all of them, it will be noticed, are Southern States: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Washington, Iowa, Louisiana, Mississippi, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wyoming, South

and North Carolina, North and South Dakota, Oregon, Tennessee, Utah, and Virginia. Oregon will probably choose as one of her representatives Edward D. Baker, the famous orator, and Virginia will probably choose as her representatives Washington and Jefferson. Some surprise was caused when New York failed to choose Alexander Hamilton, and when Ohio chose William Allen instead of U. S. Grant. But the greatest surprise of all came from Illinois choosing Frances E. Willard in place of Abraham Lincoln. Thus Illinois has left Lincoln to Indiana and Kentucky, but neither of these States has seen fit to put him in National Statuary Hall.

The other Hall of Fame, situated upon the grounds of the New York University, is very different from the Washington Hall of Fame. Panels instead of statues are used in New York, although statues and pictures have been used. Representatives are not chosen by the State legislature, but by one hundred competent citizens who are students of history. Electors of the New York Hall of Fame are university presidents, professors of history, editors, authors, and chief justices. The Kentucky elector is the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals. One hundred and fifty panels have been provided in this hall of fame for great Americans. Fifty of these panels were to have

been inscribed when the first election was held in 1900, but the number of votes required is fifty-one out of a possible one hundred, and only twenty-nine famous Americans received a sufficient number of votes to permit of their names being inscribed in the Hall of Fame. If fifty names had been chosen in 1900, the rules state that five additional panels should be inscribed at the close of every five years. Thus, at the election held in October, 1905, twenty-six representatives should have been chosen, but only five were chosen. Of the twenty-nine names chosen in 1900, only three of them were Kentuckians: Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln, and John J. Audubon. It is a well-known fact that Clay is synonymous with Kentucky, and that Lincoln first saw the light on February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. It is possibly not so well known that the greatest American ornithologist spent many years of his life in Louisville and Henderson, Kentucky—years in which he made preparation for his great work.

Washington received more votes than any other American, ninety-seven; Lincoln was second, with Webster, receiving ninety-six; and then came Franklin, Grant, Marshall, Jefferson, Emerson, Fulton, Longfellow, Irving, Edwards, Morse, Farragut, Clay, seventy-four; Peabody, Hawthorne, Cooper, Whitney, Lee,

Mann, Audubon, sixty-seven; Kent, Beecher, Story, Adams, Channing, Stuart, and the botanist, Asa Gray.

Several Kentuckians received votes for places in the Hall of Fame, as follows: Daniel Boone, thirty-five; George Rogers Clark, nineteen; Albert Sidney Johnston, twelve; Zachary Taylor, born in Virginia, but brought to Kentucky at nine months of age, and continued to be a resident of the State until his twenty-fifth year, received nine votes: Dr. Ephraim McDowell, the father of ovariotomy, five; John J. Crittenden and Martin John Spalding, the great Roman Catholic, received one vote each.

At the election in October, 1905, the names of five famous Americans were inscribed in the Hall of Fame—John Quincy Adams, James Russell Lowell, William T. Sherman, James Madison, and John Greenleaf Whittier. In the Hall of Fame for men of foreign birth the names of Alexander Hamilton, Louis Agassiz, and John Paul Jones were inscribed. In the Hall of Fame for women three names were cut into the stone—Mary Lyon, Emma Willard, and Maria Mitchell. Upon none of these persons has Kentucky a claim. However, several of the State's sons received heavy votes. Boone and Clark each received one vote more than they did in 1900, giving them thirty-six and twenty votes, respectively. Johnston's

vote fell from twelve to nine, Taylor's from nine to two, McDowell's from five to one, while Crittenden and Spalding were not nominated. This simply means that Kentucky will be represented by the three names already inscribed in the New York Hall of Fame: Lincoln, Clay, and Audubon. As these three names are forever immortal in American history, and as it is an utter impossibility to get some of our men, greater perhaps than the above three, before the Northern judges who constitute a majority of the electors, when the legislature finally does choose Kentucky's representatives for the National Statuary Hall, why not choose men of State rather than of National reputation? This is what the States that have chosen their representatives have done. At any rate, the Statuary Hall is separately for the States and, taken as a whole, for the Union.

Henry Clay has probably received more homage than has been accorded by any one State to any one son, and it is not only fitting but eminently just that some Kentuckian, other than he, should be one of the State's representatives. It may be a good idea to advise the outside world that Clay is not the only remarkable man Kentucky has produced.

Lincoln lived twice as long in Indiana as he did in Kentucky, although born in the latter State. The first American would make an ex-

cellent companion for Indiana's War-Governor. Then let Mississippi send Jefferson Davis; but Kentucky should send statues of McDowell, Buchanan, O'Hara, Johnston, Clark, or Menefee: men who have not received just recognition hitherto.

A FORGOTTEN SINGER

A FORGOTTEN SINGER

About seventy-five Kentuckians have published poems; and half of this number have been women. Amelia B. Welby's "Rainbow" is probably the best poem that any of Kentucky's daughters has written. After her masterpiece one would name Sarah B. Piatt's "A Word With a Skylark," which John Burroughs thought good enough for his "Songs of Nature"; and Annie Chambers Ketchum's "Semper Fidelis." But these three names are to be found in any anthology of American poetry, while the woman whose poetry I desire to call attention to is practically forgotten. Her work is known only to the special student of Kentucky literature. The poems that are here printed will show, I think, that Mary E. Betts was no "maudlin poetess," and that her place is just below the three women named above. Mrs. Betts also gained her reputation as writer of verse without the assistance of George D. Prentice and his powerful *Louisville Journal:* Mrs. Welby, Mrs. Piatt, and Mrs. Ketchum are primarily the Prentice poets.

Mary Eliza Wilson, daughter of Isaiah and

Hannah Wilson, was born in Maysville, Kentucky, January, 1824. She was educated at the Maysville schools. On July 10, 1854, Miss Wilson married Morgan L. Betts, editor of *The Detroit Times*. She died in Maysville on September 19, 1854, of congestion of the brain. Her death was believed to be caused by the great gunpowder explosion of August 13, 1854, when nearly thirty thousand pounds of gunpowder, near Maysville, was fired by incendiaries, causing a loss of $50,000. Many buildings, including eight churches, were demolished, and the explosion was heard for miles around. A large reward was offered for the perpetrators, but without success. Mrs. Betts's husband died in the following October. Throughout her mature life she was a contributor of poetry to the newspapers and magazines of the country.

For the sketch of Mrs. Betts and the following poems I am indebted to Mr. Basil D. Strode, a great-nephew of the poetess. With the exception of the tribute to Crittenden, these poems are now published for the first time in book form.

Mrs. Betts was probably the best woman writer of love lyrics that Kentucky has produced. The two poems given below are good examples of her work in this field.

A DREAM OF BEAUTY

I'm gazing on a lovely star, that floats in yonder blue.
Its soft sweet light as down it comes, breathes gently now of you;
It tells me that thy heart's deep fount, so bright in by-gone years,
Is floating softly now as then, with Love's sweet dewy tears—
That e'en the brightest one that gives each crystal wan of light,
Is smiling lonely for me now in all its beauty bright.

And tho' thou art afar this night, beyond the Southern sea,
Yet, yet, I feel thy holiest dreams are breathing now for me;
E'en the soft, voluptuous light, that sleeps on Italia's vales,
Or perfumes sweet that ever load the evening's sleepy gales—
Can never lead thy thoughts astray, or chill the love that springs
Gently in thy heart for me, like summer's murmurings.

I know when thou art wand'ring, 'neath the soft Sicilian sky,
Or hear amid her sunny groves the bulbul's plaintive sigh—
Thou wilt turn to other days, and o'er thy spirit lone,
The music sweet will linger low, that sleeps within mine own—

And ev'ry wreath of joy and love, that crowned thy sunny way,
Wilt live and breathe as beautiful as flow'rs in summer day.

Then I will envy not again, the blue, o'er-arching sky,
Or murmur at the zephyr light, as soft it wanders by;
No, no! altho' they linger oft, with beauty on thy heart,
And to its low, sweet singing founts, a holy light imparts—
Yet, they have never made thee false, or chilled thy deep, deep love,
'Tis now as bright and beautiful as angel smiles above.

And when upon my spirit floats a fair and holy dream,
Like the gentle light that lingers soft, on some bright starry beam—
Then I will turn to thee and bless thee for thy love and truth,
That gleamed so bright upon thy brow in May-day's sunny youth;
And my fond heart will bring its gems of beauty to thy shrine,
And link it with the holy light that dwells so pure in thine.

Of the second poem, *The Detroit Times*, in which it was published, said: "No heart that has a single spark of love in it will read this poem without admiring it."

TO T. D. W., OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN

I have heard the low voice of the murmuring deep,
Where the white-crested billows unceasingly leap,
And the spirit that nestles adown in the shell,
Its low music whispers to the night breezes tell—
But they breathed o'er my soul no lovelier balm,
They left not the signet of holier calm,
Than the low song that floats up sweet from thy
Lyre,
All filled with the light of Parnassian fire!

I've breathed the soft airs of the far sunny South,
Where Beauty is bright and as glowing as youth,
Where the humming-bird sips from crimson-lipped
rose,
As the Day-god sings to his golden repose—
Where love's fairy fingers the orange buds twine,
To wreathe for its idol the loveliest shrine—
But they touched not my lip with a holier smile,
Than the song thou hast bro't from the Poet's
sunny Isle.

I've bathed my sad brow in the soft, rippling wave,
Where the coral grove made the seaman a grave,
And the sorrowing sea gull on lightly poised wing,
Hushes low his wild song, as the mermaidens sing:
Where the muskplant is sending round its perfume,
Where the pomegranate opes its radiant bloom—
But my heart did not flutter as wildly, as when
Floated soft o'er my deep soul thy heavenly strain.

I know that thy life is one beautful spring,
And hope, with the glory of its rainbow wing,
Encircles thy spirit's deep fountains of light,
And filling its temple of beauty so bright,
That mem'ry will only bring to its bowers
The portrait fair of the loveliest flowers—
And o'er thee no sorrow ever will gloom
To rob thy young heart of its beauty and bloom.
I know that thy cheek wears a bright sunny beam,
Thine eye like the night-star, with wild fires gleam,
And where love's sweet waters enchantingly flow,
There, there, thy soft spirit has drunk till the glow
Of beauty encircles its wings with a light,
Lovely as gleams o'er the amber-beds bright,
Where the purple-winged bird makes its soft downy nest,
And sings 'mid the bright flowers its young heart to rest.

I know that thy spirit is soft as mine own,
And the green earth hath music's beautiful tone
To glad thy young heart! the flowers still gleam
Lovely beside their own wild mountain stream,
And the stars are as bright on the midnight sky,
The zephyr as soft as he once wandered by,
When our childhood's years wore, nor shadow, nor shade,
And we thought light in the heart never could fade.

Oh! I know that the sky looks down on thee now,
With its sweet eyes of blue, its bright starry brow,
And softly to thee, the green whispering leaves
Breathe their low murmurs to the light passing breeze—
And thy soul is bright with the beauty that springs
Far up from the earth on the light's golden wings.

Oh, life for thee now hath lost its grief and its gloom,
And crowned itself with sweet May-day's beauteous
bloom.

In the manner of George D. Prentice's "Closing Year," Mrs. Betts wrote "The Death of the Year."

Another year hath gone—imprinted on
His brow the chronicles of sorrows, tears,
Hopes and joys, and fame and wealth and power.
Like another Tyrant glutted with the
Tears of thousands, and thrusted down from his
Blood-cemented throne, he sank low upon
A dim and fevered couch.

I looked upon
The pale wan stars, as they meekly trembled
Far in the upper deep, and they wept their
Dewy tears, and slowly gave to earth a
Few sad beams, like lamps that hang above the
Couch of death. The silver moon, that seemed with
Her cold face, anxious to shrink away
Behind each loitering cloud—the unclad
Forest trees—the stream of earth, that once danced
Along its merry way and softly flowed
With its loving gaze turned upon the far
Deep heavens, as if it looked to see on
Ev'ry star an angel's smile of joy—sent
Up a wailing, mournful sound—a low, sad
Requiem for the past.

Does Nature 'lone
Weep o'er the dim, cold bier, the Tyrant Time
Hath made? Or are there those who sadly grieve
As they gaze upon the blue heavens at

Night, and watch the soft, sweet beams of some new-
Found star, that chronicles in each bright smile
A tale of stricken love, and hope, and joy?
Who look around them morn and eve, and miss
The fairy form, the sun-light glance, the smiles
Of love, and kindly words that breathed in tones
Or thrilling sweetness?

Ah, yes! many weep
Above the graves of the young, the brave, the
Beautiful half-opened blossoms, that withered
All too soon beneath the tread of
Iron-footed Time! and days of joy—days
Of hope and love, whose beautiful visions
Floated o'er the swelling breast, and made earth
Grow fair beneath the magic of their smiles,
Darkened and fled away.

But e'en amid
The desert-wastes Old Time hath made, some bright
Spots are left us still—sweet oases for the
Wearied wanderer, where cooling draughts
Are found, and fruits the best are ripened. Old
Time with downy feet hath passed o'er many
A scene, and left the young heart light and free,
And crowned the young brow with coronets bright
Of fairest flowers! The path of many
A sage-sire is twined with the glorious
Wreaths of fame, and cheered by the smiles of the
Brave and free.

Far-famed America, thou
Art bright'ning—thou Oasis of earth's gloomy
Deserts, where the exile comes, and comes not
In vain! Home and friends are found, and waters
Sweet from many a fount sparkle o'er his

Path, and fruits delicious of other climes—
The growth of sun-bright Tropics—ripen to
Fill his board; and 'neath the genial rays
Of our glorious sun, he forgets the
Past.

Dark oppression finds no cowering
Votaries here. Freedom, with her silver
Wings, circles our broad dominions in the bright
Halo of glory. Minions bound to the
Glittering car of tyranny have seen
America's Eagle perched high, and heard
His chant of freedom, and their hearts became
Fired, and with one mighty bound burst their chains.
That Eagle's eye is gazing o'er the deep—ev'ry
Port is seen, each bright wing outspreads afar,
No storm darkens o'er its onward flight, or
Lessens now its strength. Bright prosperity
Follows upon his stainless track, and Peace
Comes like an Angel fair, and guides him on,
And o'er the distant world afar is seen
The magic of their Love and Glory; and
Many a proud heart is leaping now, and
Longs to tread their sunny way.

Besides the poems already given, and the ones that are to follow, I have three of Mrs. Betts's longer poems in my possession; but as this book must be kept within certain limits, I am compelled to withhold them. The adverse criticism against Mrs. Betts's poems has been that they are too long. She failed to follow Edgar Poe's dictum literally, but when she did her poetry was much better.

"We are enabled," said *The Louisville Times,* over a half century ago, "to give to our readers a beautiful poem from the pen of one who has, from the commencement of *The Times*, afforded its readers a communion with bright thoughts, clad in the loveliest hues of poesy. Among all our correspondents there are none whom we greet with more cordiality, and whose muse affords us more gratification. There is an originality in her conceptions, and a harmony in her numbers, that assure us of the favors she wears from the sacred Vine."

Mrs. Betts's tribute to Italy reminds one of Robert Browning's lines in "De Gustibus":

> "Italy, my Italy!"
> Queen Mary's saying serves for me
> (When fortune's malice
> Lost her Calais):
> "Open my heart, and you will see
> Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'"

Browning and Queen Mary never loved the blue skies of sunny Italy better than this forgotten Kentucky poet. "Corinne de Italia" is Mrs. Betts's best poem.

> "Bel a Italia! amate sponde!
> Par u 'torno a riveder;
> Trema in petto, e si confonde,
> L'alma oppressa dal piacer."

Sweet Italy! I go from thee—
Go where my childhood's home
Is bright'ning in its beauty wild;
Beyond the blue sea's foam;
But I go with a bleeding heart,
My life's sweet dream is o'er.

My harp is hushed, and I can dream
Of beauty now no more!
Once, once I thought the buds that bloomed
Sweet in my early spring,
Would ever blossom beautiful
And 'round me fragrance fling;
But, no! a cankering blight is cast,
O'er the radiance of earth,
And gone from my heart and hails the tone,
Of revelry and mirth.

Can I forgive the spirit dark,
That crushed my heart's sweet flow'rs,
That came a wily serpent 'mid
My own fair, sunny bow'rs,
And dimmed the last, sweet ling 'ring beam,
That danced upon my way,
And left their cloudy footprints deep,
Of Sorrow and Decay?
No, no! its dark remembrance lives
Within my bosom lone.
'Twill mingle there its dusky hues,
Where light once only shone.

But I forget, sweet Italy,
My broken harp's last strain
Doth now essay to pour o'er thee
Its music sweet again.

And I will turn to thee, to thee,
Sweet land of song and flow'rs.
Of myrtle groves and orange bloom,
Where smile the rosy hours;
And in the low soft tones that breathe,
From the bulbul's plaintive sigh,
The music of thy golden waves,
And light of thy deep blue sky—
I will forget the bitter cup
Of grief I've drained so deep,
I'll cease to pine o'er faded hopes,
And o'er them sadly weep.

Oh, when the music of thy tongue
Stirs with soft thrills my soul,
And its breath of song sweeps o'er my heart
Its spell of sweet control,
Then dreams, bright dreams, are mine again.
I live in Eden's bowers,
I quaff the perfume sweet that breathes
From soft pomegranate flowers;
I lave my brow in crystal founts,
Whose waters ever gleam
All cloudless and beautiful,
Beneath the sun's broad beam!
Again I breathe thy Poet's song,
Again I list his Lyre,
Until mine own is softly filled
With pure Parnassian fire;
And oh, I feel my brow is bright
With the spirit-light of yore,
When deep I drank in other days
Thy rich and varied lore.

And o'er thy classic ground I rove,
Where many a noble Fane

Lies with its columned altars 'neath
Dark ruin's mouldering stain;
And in thy picture halls I stray,
Near sunny glade and bower,
Where near beside a gleaming fount
I plucked the orange flower;
And once again the Tiber's wave
Gleams golden in the light.
And seems to me as once it seemed,
All beautiful and bright!
The orange and the lemon groves
Fling 'round their grey festoons,
And breathe sweet odors o'er the waves,
From out their snowy blooms;
And oh, the morning breezes bear
Sweet song upon their wings,
And tell a tale of other days—
Of all their wonderings—
And I am Corinne once again,
My soul is flung o'er thee,
With all its holy dreams of love,
My own sweet Italy.

But, fare thee well! and should the light
That gleams upon thy sky,
Ne'er smile upon my fading cheek,
Or in my fireless eye,
Yet, I will turn to thee, to thee,
Thou fair immortal shore,
I'll bless thee with thine own sweet words,
Till life's dark dream is o'er;
And like the music tone that dwells
Forever in the deep,
My spirit lone and sad, its watch
Of love will o'er thee keep.

As has already been stated, none of the above poems has ever been published in book form. Mrs. Betts's most popular poem, "A Kentuckian Kneels to None but God," has been between pasteboards three times: in "Collins's History of Kentucky," 1882, it is given, with a short biographical sketch of the author, in a chapter entitled "The Poets and Poetry of Kentucky"; in 1892 Mrs. Fannie Porter Dickey used it in her "Blades O' Bluegrass"; and in 1906 Anderson C. Quisenberry printed it in his book entitled "Lopez's Expedition to Cuba, 1850-1851," as he could find nothing more germane to his subject than Mrs. Betts's tribute to his hero. The poem was provoked by the cruel treatment that Colonel William Logan Crittenden received at the hands of the Cuban authorities in the filbustering expeditions under Lopez. Colonel Crittenden was the brother of former Governor Thomas T. Crittenden, of Missouri, and a nephew of Hon. John J. Crittenden, Kentucky's distinguished Senator. On August 16, 1851, Colonel Crittenden, with fifty others, was shot to death by the Cubans. He, as the leader of the party, was shot first. He refused to kneel, and then uttered an expression that has gone around the world, "A Kentuckian kneels to none except his God, and always dies facing his enemy!" He was then shot and his brains beaten out.

When, in her far-away Kentucky home, Mrs. Betts learned of Crittenden's fate, she wrote her tribute to the gallant Kentuckian, which was first published in the *Maysville Flag*. The editor of *The Flag* introduced the poem with these words: "The lines which follow are from one of Kentucky's most gifted daughters of song. Upon gentler themes the tones of her lyre have oft been heard to breathe their music. To sing to the warrior, its cords have ne'er been strung till now; the tragic death, and last and eloquent words of the gallant Crittenden, have caused this tribute to his memory":

Ah! tyrants forge your chains at will—
Nay! gall this flesh of mine:
Yet, thought is free, unfettered still,
And will not yield to thine!
Take, take the life that Heaven gave,
And let my heart's blood stain thy sod.
But know ye not Kentucky's brave
Will kneel to none but God!

You've quenched fair freedom's sunny light,
Her music tones have stilled,
And with a deep and darkened blight,
The trusting heart has filled!
Then do you think that I will kneel
Where such as you have trod?
Nay! point your cold and threatening steel—
I'll kneel to none but God.

As summer breezes lightly rest
  Upon a quiet river,
And gently on its sleeping breast
  The moonbeams softly quiver—
Sweet thoughts of home light up my brow
  When goaded with the rod;
Yet, these cannot unman me now—
  I'll kneel to none but God.

And tho' a sad and mournful tone
  Is coldly sweeping by;
And dreams of bliss forever flown
  Have dimmed with tears mine eye—
Yet, mine's a heart unyielding still—
  Heap on my breast the clod;
My soaring spirit scorns thy will—
  I'll kneel to none but God.

Mrs. Betts's poem was republished several times in American newspapers during the Spanish-American War in 1898. The reprinting of it revived her fame to a considerable degree. Although not the best poem of this forgotten Kentucky singer, it is the most popular one, and upon it her fame will rest.

THE FIRST KENTUCKY HISTORIAN

THE FIRST KENTUCKY HISTORIAN

HISTORY has failed definitely to decide which State shall have the only genuine claim upon a great son: the State of his nativity or of his adoption. This question especially presents itself to the State historian. The result has hitherto been that both States claim him as their own. And who can deny either of them the justness of their claim?

Kentucky history affords numerous examples of the above stated question. The great example is, of course, Henry Clay, born in Virginia, but a son of Kentucky by adoption. A more modest illustration is John Filson, born in Pennsylvania, but whose Kentucky life gives him his place in American history.

John Filson, companion of pioneers, schoolteacher, surveyor, biographer, historian, was born in East Fallowfield, Chester County, Pennsylvania—when? The date has been approximately fixed by Filson's authoritative biographer as 1747. He was given his grandfather's Christian name, and was the second son of Davison Filson, a prosperous Pennsylvania farmer. Filson passed his boyhood

working on his father's farm and attending the common school of his native town. When he became a youth he was sent to the academy of the Reverend Samuel Finley, situated at Nottingham, Maryland. Years afterward Finley was elected fifth president of Princeton University. Finley's Academy was a good one for the times, and at it Filson studied the classics, modern languages, and mathematics. He afterward used his knowledge of the humanities when he coined the word "Losantiville," the original name of Cincinnati, Ohio; and his knowledge of mathematics when he assisted in laying off the streets of the Queen City.

John Filson did not serve in the Revolutionary War, and, after it was over, at the age of thirty-six years, unmarried, he left his Pennsylvania home for the beautiful country called Kentucky, meaning the "meadowland," not the "dark and bloody ground," as tradition has it.

Filson arrived in Lexington, Kentucky, late in 1782 or early in the year 1783. He spent his first year in the "Athens of the West," teaching school, and collecting data for his history of Kentucky. Tradition says that he could ask more questions and answer fewer than any man of his day—a rather good quality for a biographer to possess. From Daniel

Boone, James Harrod, Levi Todd, Christopher Greenup, William Kennedy, and John Cowan, Filson obtained most of his information. Only one year was required for him to get his little book ready for publication, and as there were no printing presses in the West in those days, he was compelled to take his manuscript East.

At Wilmington, Delaware, in the year 1784, James Adams brought out Filson's "Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke," while his map of Kentucky, showing the three original counties of the State—Jefferson, Fayette, and Lincoln—was printed in Philadelphia. The map is the first one ever drawn of the State, and is the only picture that we have of Kentucky as it looked nearly a century and a quarter ago. Filson dedicated the map to Congress and to General George Washington.

The first history of Kentucky contained one hundred and eighteen pages and was divided into two parts: the first part, "Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke"; the second, called the "Appendix," containing a biography of Daniel Boone. The sketch of Boone was dictated to Filson by the "Old Druid of the West," and is, therefore, practically Boone's autobiography. But Boone could have eradicated a tribe of Indians with more rapidity and less labor than he could

have put the story of his life on paper. For this reason Filson is essentially Boone's first biographer, and also the first Kentucky biographer. His life of Boone began with Boone's entrance into the "beautiful level of Kentucky," June 7, 1769, and traced his life up to 1784—the year Filson's book was published. In a masterly manner Filson depicted Boone's first view of Kentucky, and it is by far the best piece of composition to be found in the work. A comparison of the style in which Filson wrote an account of the first view of Kentucky, given in the main body of his work, and the style in which Boone related the first view, is very interesting. Filson, when writing in the first person, used a quiet and dignified style; but when Boone relates his adventures to Filson, the style is very stilted and pedantic.

The opening paragraphs of Filson's narrative, which tell of the adventures in Kentucky, condensed, are in substance as follows: James MacBride first saw Kentucky in 1754. Then it remained concealed until 1767, when John Finley visited it. Finley traded with the Indians for a while, until he got into a dispute with them and "was obliged to decamp." Back in his North Carolina home he told Col. Daniel Boone of the beautiful country, and in 1769 Boone, Finley, and several others started back for Kentucky. "After a long, fatiguing

march, over a mountainous wilderness, in a westward direction, they (Boone and his companions) at length arrived upon its borders; and from the top of an eminence, with joy and wonder descried the beautiful landscape of Kentucky." Filson then goes on to tell of Boone's and Finley's adventures, and then of the explorations of Dr. Thomas Walker, of Virginia, and of Richard Henderson, of North Carolina.

Here is Boone's account of the discovery of Kentucky: "It was on the first of May, in the year 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness for a time, and left my family and peaceful habitation on the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holder, James Monay, and William Cool. We proceeded successfully, and after a long and fatiguing journey, through a mountainous wilderness, in a westward direction, on the seventh day of June following, we found ourselves on Red River, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians; and, from the top of an eminence (Pilot Knob), saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky." Boone then proceeds to tell of his hardships in the wilderness of Kentucky; his troubles with the In-

dians, and the beauties of nature which surrounded him on every hand. He remained in the wilderness until 1771, when he returned to his North Carolina home.

Boone remained two years in the valley of the Yadkin before starting back to Kentucky. As has been suggested, Filson does not record anything about Boone's parentage, birth, early years, or marriage: he begins with his first explorations in Kentucky and follows his life up to the year his book was published. Nevertheless, all of the old pioneer's biographers—Bryan, Flint, Peck, Bogart, Hartley, Abbott, and Thwaite—have had Filson's little life as their most valuable bibliography.

Looking at the history as a whole, one can easily see that it lacks proportion, the first part containing forty-eight pages and the second part seventy pages, and that Filson's picture of domestic life is inadequate. Yet, his book is an early Western classic, and is to-day pointed to with pride by all loyal sons of Kentucky.

One year after the Wilmington edition was published, it was translated into French, and published at Paris by M. Parraud. The French edition is more numerous at the present time than the Wilmington edition. In 1793 Gilbert Imlay, the first Kentucky novelist, incorporated Filson's entire book into his

"Topographical Description of the Western Country," and Samuel L. Metcalf used the life of Boone in his "Narratives of Indian Warfare," published at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1821, but he failed to state that it was written by Filson. Everything was done to steal the little history from its real author by reprinters, but fortunately they all failed.

After the publication of his history, John Filson left the State of his nativity to become a citizen of the State whose history he had written. He left Pennsylvania early in the spring of 1785, traveling in a two-horse wagon as far as Pittsburg, where he abandoned it for a Kentucky flat-boat, bound for the Falls of the Ohio—Louisville, Kentucky. Filson had as traveling companions a young lawyer, John Rice Jones, and Jones's family, and after arriving in Louisville Filson was compelled to bring suit against Jones for his part of the expense of the trip; but he lost the suit, as Jones had nothing but "a gentleman cow"—as Mrs. Jones described her husband's steer.

During the summer of 1785 Filson made several trips into the Illinois country, probably with the intention of writing a history of Illinois, to be a companion volume to his "Kentucky." In the fall of the same year he sold his Pennsylvania farm, and in December made a journey to Vincennes, Indiana. The year

1786 found Filson at Post St. Vincent, Illinois, engaged in business and in collecting data for his history of the country. He never published his writings on Illinois, however, and the manuscripts, four in number, are now in the possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society, Madison, Wisconsin.

Filson lived in Illinois for about six months and then returned to the Falls of the Ohio, but left in September for his home in Pennsylvania, eight hundred miles distant, traveling on horseback. Christmas, 1786, and John Filson was once more on his native heath, surrounded by his kinsfolk and acquaintances of his earlier years. He also made his will at this time, leaving his property to his "dear brother Robert Filson and his heirs forever." After having lived the strenuous life for so long, the quiet life on the banks of the beautiful Brandywine was not to be endured by this day-dreamer of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The year 1787 found him once again in Kentucky, engaged in litigation in the courts at Danville, Stanford, and Harrodsburg. He was himself sued by John Brown, first United States Senator from Kentucky, for a debt amounting to sixty-one dollars, which Filson had borrowed from him some years before.

In the following year Filson wrote an article

for the *Kentucky Gazette,* which had been recently established by John Bradford, suggesting that a seminary of learning, in which French was to be taught, should be established in Lexington. His article was answered over the signature of "Agricola," and was so sarcastic that Filson decided to let the matter drop.

In June, 1788, Filson bade a fond farewell to Louisville in some crude, lovelorn verses, and left for Lexington, where he entered into a scheme of great magnitude with Robert Patterson, the founder of Lexington, and Mathias Denman, to lay off the town of Losantiville, now Cincinnati. The eight hundred acres that were to constitute the future city were divided equally between the three men, and Filson left Lexington for Losantiville, where he laid off several of the streets. Then, one day, he disappeared into the Miami Woods, and was never seen again. Historians have conjectured as to the manner of his death, but as was written about the first Hebrew prophet, one may write about the first Kentucky historian—"No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

Filson is remembered in the poetry of two American poets,—W. D. Gallagher and W. H. Venable,—but the Filson Club, of Louisville, Kentucky, has succeeded in rescuing Filson

and his work from oblivion, and in giving him his rightful place in Kentucky history. The Club's first publication was the "Life and Writings of John Filson," by R. T. Durrett. We may safely say no Kentucky biography is more charming or more accurate than Durrett's *Filson.*

Kentucky has had nineteen historians since John Filson, but, prejudice aside, we must acquiesce with Colonel Durrett's opinion, expressed in "The Centenary of Kentucky": "When we take into consideration the little history the new State had to be written in 1784, and allow for the superior deserts of his map of Kentucky and his life of Boone, we must candidly say that the merits of his history have not been surpassed by those of any since written."

A FEW OF BARRY'S LETTERS

A FEW OF BARRY'S LETTERS

Six letters of William Taylor Barry to Francis Preston Blair, Sr., will be prefaced with a short sketch of Barry. Born in Lunenburg, Virginia, February 15, 1785, he was brought to Kentucky when quite young, but returned to Virginia to attend William and Mary College, from which he graduated in 1807. Shortly after graduating, Barry returned to Kentucky and began the practice of law at Lexington. He was a trustee of Transylvania University, and that famous institution of learning conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1810 Barry was elected to the National House of Representatives and served one term. He was an aide to Governor Isaac Shelby in the war of 1812, and was at the battle of the Thames. He was United States Senator from Kentucky, 1814-1816. Barry resigned his senatorship and became an associate judge of the Kentucky Supreme Court; he was later elected chief-justice. Five successive sessions Barry was elected speaker of the Kentucky House, and elected Lieutenant-Governor with John Adair in 1820. He was Secretary of State under

Governor Joseph Desha, Adair's successor in the gubernatorial chair.

Early in 1828 he announced himself as a candidate for Governor of Kentucky on the Democratic ticket. The letters given in this essay were written by Barry to Francis P. Blair, Sr. (1791-1876), who was editor of the *Frankfort Argus*. From Lexington, under date of March 30, 1825, Barry showed his hatred of John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, and his admiration for Andrew Jackson, and made suggestions as to the best way in which to carry the State for the Democratic party.

"My Dear Sir:

"I have rec'd yours of the 28th, Inst. I have ever thought that we are laying too much stres on the *Bargain,* and looseing sight of more important points. Buckhanan's speech is to my mind, this & Rives', suit the occasion best of all that I have read. The violation of public will, the alarming doctrine of Safe precedent, the dangers of cabinet succession, the aristocratic principle of J. Q. A., his apostacy, hypocracy &c His conduct in the office he fills his plunder of the public treasury &c The uniform republican principles of Gen'l J. his patriotism & devotion to the country, his great services & superior mind, the slanders heaped upon him, the attacks on Mrs. J.

are all topics that should be discussed. They take well with the people. The people are anxious where I have been to hear discussion. I addressed a numerous assembly at Springfield as I stated in my last. A public speaker can only excite & awaken, documents ought to be placed in the hands of the people to read. Unless the Central Committee act, promptly, constantly & efficiently we will be beat. Our enimies are vigilant. The Central Committee ought not only to arouse themselves, but they should address the corresponding Committees in each County & awaken them. All the Committies should be as active as those of Safety were in the Revolution. We have as much at stake as the friends of Freedom then had. Communicate documents &c by private hand as much as possible, send messengers if necessary. The Post Offices in the General are filled with administration men, and we may expect foul play. A constant correspondence should be kept up between the Committees. If a committee in one County resolve on a publication, make it known to others, who would subscribe for numbers of the same; this is still more important when the Central Committee intend to publish. Every means should be employed, that can to unite and concentrate our power. A man from Boon, Grant & Pendleton counties, tells me that the country there is flooded

with Hammonds paper, Truths Advocate, & Clay's address, & that they will do mischief unless counteracted. As to funds they might easily be raised upon the plan you suggest. I have named it to friends here, in Woodford & Jessamine, so often that my pride revolts at farther importunity, least I may be regarded as supplicating as a favour to myself, that which altho' beneficial to me, is still more important to the public cause, & which but for the extraordinary station I am placed in, would neither be wanted nor asked for. How different do the other party act, the meanest & basest of men when in their employ, want not for means. I feel mortified in the reflection that grows out of the contrast. You & a few other valued friends stand, ready to act & do all in your power. But men of wealth hold off, they prize money above liberty. You need not write to Maj'r Chambers, he has been repeatedly written to on the subject but as yet is silent. I cannot advise what you should do with the Jackson address, it is not well to quarrel with R-n; Pope will be able to control him. But you ought to write a Pamphlet against Adams & circulate it, let him be assailed at all points & the contest marked distinctly between him and Jackson. This is my course & I shall not be driven from it. If Clay comes out as you surmise & throws him-

self into the contest, unless we act imprudently, we shall profit by it. Whilst Secretary of State he cannot go about much. The nation has already lost millions by his inattention to official duties, the people are loud on this subject, it ought & will probably admonish him to be cautious. Indeed I am not certain if his presence will not as it did last summer stimulate the Jackson men, who are now supine from too great confidence.

"Your friend

"W. T. BARRY

"F. P. BLAIR, Esq'r., Frankfort."

Barry made a thorough canvass of Kentucky, and as he would stop at the most important towns, he would write to Blair informing him of his progress and the reception he was receiving. From the county seat of the county in which Abraham Lincoln was born, Barry wrote this letter:

"HODGINSVILLE 9th May 1828

"DEAR SIR:

"I was at Elizabeth on Monday, at Brandenburgh Wednesday, here today Battallion muster, tomorrow at another Battallion about 10 miles distant, at Hart Monday next &c. So far prospects are flattering. My stay here is necessary & has been profitable. Ben: Hardin

was at Elizabeth, but mounted his horse & went off just as I commenced speaking. John L. Helm, seemed uneasy but made no reply. He is whispering little stories to injure me. The fact that an execution for $8.87/100 in favour of Elijah W. Craig for costs against me, being returned "no property found." This little matter is in every County where I have been. How it has been managed I cannot tell. But it is the effect of management. When informed of it at Frankfort I called at the office got a statement of the amount of the execution, transmitted the amount to James O. Harrison, he called on Craig to pay it. Craig said he did not know that I owed him, that he had not ordered the execution, knew nothing of it, and was reluctant to receive the amount. He did so, and Harrison enclosed his receit to me, with the information I give you, at Louisville. I hope to hear from the Sheriff on the subject when I arrive at Salem. It is said I owe small mechanics bills & wont pay them. It is untrue. At present I recollect of no bill that I owe, I am sure if any small demand should exist, that I can pay it when presented. As to some large responsibilities, that I am involved in I cannot now meet them, but shall be able to do so in due time. My property is mortgaged, to the Bank & my securities who stand responsible at Bank for me, not covered

for purposes of fraud. It is open to execution. The equity of redemption may be sold at any moment. Aware of this, I have rented out my house, hired out my slaves, devoting the proceeds to meet my engagements, my family are at lodgeings of the plainest kind. This is the splendid style of my living. Look at Clay, his mortgages, his responsibilities, his almost regal splendour, and yet he is magnus Appollo of my calumniators. The Focus [?] his in all it says about my speech amongst other matters S. M. Brown said in substance 'that Clay had told me before his departure for Washington that he intended to vote for Adams, & accused me of treachery &c' I replied & denied the statement as made by him, refused to be interrogated, & insisted that my silence should authorise no inference favourable or unfavourable to Mr Clay. What else could I do? Silence would have confermed his statement, to have detailed what I knew, would have made me a voluntary witness, and exposed me to the enemies batteries. If the uncertainty of my response, leaves a sting, let Mr Clay place it to the account of the agent his friends choose to set upon me. In self defence I'll strike Mr. Clay or any other man.

"Darby answered me at Brandenburgh. Strange to tell, he treated me with curtesy, said I should receive in his county the hospi-

tality of a stranger. What is Beck, Crittend[en?] & Brown, Thrown behind P. H. Darby? But he [illegible] like a fiend on Gen'l & Mrs Jackson.

"Present me to my friends. Letters will find me at Salem as I go down & at Russellsville as I come up.

"Your friend,

"W. T. BARRY.

"F. P. BLAIR Esq'r Frankfort Ky."

The election was held on August 4, 1828, and Thomas Metcalf defeated Barry by 709 votes. Barry tells his friend the causes of defeat, and makes a correct prophecy in regard to Jackson's carrying Kentucky in the November election.

"LEXINGTON 11th August 1828

"(Confidential)

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I have received yours of the 10th, we are probably beaten in the election for Governor. The causes are obvious. Many *new Court Clay* men opposed me, *old Court men opposed me.* The friends of the occupants opposed me. The lawyers, Judges & whole official corps opposed me. Monied men on account of my embarressments opposed me. The Cabinet with all its powers through the Premier opposed me. All this might have been met & overcome, but

for the indolence, selfishness, & treachery of friends, against this no human foresight can guard. I was literally sacrificed in this County, at least two hundred Jackson men did not come to the poles, last year the Jackson candidates rec'd upwards of 1300 votes, this year only 1100 & upwards. Other Jackson men nearly 100 in number were prevailed on to vote against me, at the instance of Clay & his Sattleites because as they urged I was a disorganizer. Old Capt. Fowler deserted me left home & did not vote. Clay had called to see him. Jn'o H. Morton & his brother Charles did not vote. Jn'o W. Hunt did not vote, Col'o Harry C. Payne did not vote, & *John Allen a member of the Jackson convention* voted for Metcalf, James B. January voted for Metcalf, so did Clifton & Asa Thomas who have stood by me before from my boyhood up. The Sheriffs altho some of them were my friends made no active exertion for me. They are making money and a poor man is not so important to them. In most of the Counties with many honourable exceptions, the County candidates shifted for themselves, and I had to stand alone, not embodying the strength of Jackson & with my own diminished for the causes stated. I have stood at Thermopylae, if I fall it will not dispirit, I glory in it, the highest post of my life, is that which carried

me through the ordeal of the late election. The Country will be saved at Plateae where Jackson commands in person. I look to Nov'r with confidence. Form your plans at once, let Pope take the place of Chapman, S. Smith of Munday, on the electional ticket let the electors, take to themselves certain Counties, and go to work instantly. We think of a great Barbacue in this vicinity free to all the friends of Jackson to which the able men shall be invited from all parts of the State, & from which meeting an address shall issue suited to the occasion, animating our friends & urging them to the poles in Nov'r. What do you think of this, the time & place it should be at?

"It is true I have & shall still suffer in pecuniary matters. Creditors harrass me. I am almost literally encamped in a boarding house with my family, because of the unspareing pursuit of my creditors. Be it so, I am calm, shall stand fast at this point until after Nov, then move as instinct dictates, but find existing ties to keep me here, but I hate to yeald so fair a portion of our land to the enemy. Shew this to tried friends & assure them, that I commenced a Militia man, I am now a veteran in the cause.

"Your friend,

"W. T. Barry.

"F. P. Blair Esq'r. Frankfort Ky."

On March 9, 1829, President Jackson appointed Barry Postmaster-General of the United States. He was preceded in this office by a Kentuckian, John M. McLean, and succeeded by one, Amos Kendall. While the office of Postmaster-General was created at the beginning of our National Government, William T. Barry was the first incumbent to be raised to a regular Cabinet position, on equal terms with the Secretaries. From Washington, on May 13, 1830, Barry sent a short letter to Blair:

"WASHINGTON 13 May 1830

"DEAR SIR

"I send you by todays mail the Speech of Mr Livingston in Pamphlet form. It is in my opinion a sound exposition of the Constitution & one of the ablest delivered in the recent discussion in the Senate of Mr Foots Resolutions. Mr Livingston shewed me a letter he has rec d from Mr Madison, to whom he sent one of his Speeches, in which Mr Madison expresses his concurence in the views of Mr Livingston, and of course his disapprabation of the nullifying doctrine of S. Carolina. I do not know that this letter is designed for publication, but no injunction of secrecy, is imposed, & I name it to you that our friends in Ky, may be apprized of Mr Madison's sentiments. The doctrine of S. Carolina would lead to all the evils

of the Confederation, that of Mr Webster, to the dangers of consolidation. I send you also Walsh's paper in which you will find a Speech of C. J. Ingersooll Esqr, (reformed by Gen'l Jackson) that proves how strong, the President is in the affections & esteem of the people. The President never was in better health, may God preserve him for many years, and you & yours

"Very truly
"W. T. Barry
"F. P. Blair Esqr. Frankfort Kentucky."

Blair received a confidential letter from Barry, June 8, 1830. The Postmaster-General was very frank in his opinions of men and things:

"Washington 8 June 1830
"My Dear Sir:—

"I enclose you a power of Atty agreeably to your suggestion, and will write to day to Gen'l Taylor & Maj'r Carneal, to give their assent to the removal of the notes, so as to give me the benefit of time, to meet the amount by convenient installments. Do my dear fellow attend to this matter for me. You say I ought not to have left you in suspense about the President's veto, I had yet a faint hope when I wrote you that a different course would be taken, & thought it best to suggest it as prob-

ible event. Kendall informs me that he has written to you about matters & things, he can find time to write to his friends, having passed the ordeal. You have before this read the President's communication. It is an era in the political history of our country. The movement is bold, but it was necessary to save the Union, and prevent the accumulation of a National debt. Virginia & the entire South will stand by him, so will new York & the Democracy of New England. You will soon hear from the Legislature of New Hampshire on the subject. Pennsylvania will adhere to the President, both that State & New York, have made their own improvements, and are largely in debt for them, they have not & do not look to Gen'l gov't for aid. Great National improvements will be acceptable to these great States, such the President will sanction. The Louisville & Portland Canal, will be sustained. On this question the Cabinet were equally divided, but a few moments were allowed for consideration, and the President, as his Council were divided, through respect has taken time to consider. Another matter operated to induce this course, you will see in the Light House Bill an appropriation of $300 for surveying the falls on the Indiana side with a view to ascertain if the navigation of the river can be improved in that way. If this can be

done, which object is most worthy of the patronage of the Federal government? I find that our friends at Louisville, Warden Pope &c are in favour of rechartering the Bank of the U. States, here again we are split. If Jackson lives we shall conquer, if he dies all I fear is lost. Calhoun, it is thought from McDuffies movements is to be the Bank Candidate from the South, but Clay will be ahead of him. The Great Magician is anti-Bank. McLean is any thing or nothing. You see I write freely, as it is all in confidence. Loughborough & his lady have arrived in good health, but their little one not so well, its indisposition delayed them on the road. Present me kindly to your family & believe me truly

"Yours

"W. T. BARRY.

"F. P. BLAIR Esq. Frankfort Kentucky."

One of the last letters that Barry wrote to Blair, before the Kentucky journalist accepted the invitation of President Jackson to come to Washington and establish the *Congressional Globe*, was a short one, written June 19, 1830, from Washington. Again Barry stated, as he had done in nearly all of the letters given here, his great admiration for his chief, Andrew Jackson:

"Dear Blair

"I send you a paper, that you are not probably in the habit of receiving. It shews the temper of the times in S. C. The Hotspurs of the South, if Adams had been elected President, would have set up for themselves. We live at a time when I verily believe Gen'l Jackson alone as President could save us from the horrows of civil War. His Veto will calm the disturbed ocean of public opinion, the people will reflect & all will be safe.

"yours truly

"W. T. Barry

"F. P. Blair Esqr Frankfort Ky."

F. P. Blair, Sr., left Frankfort, Kentucky, and arrived in Washington City between the 2d of November and the 12th of December, 1830. He founded the *Congressional Globe* (1830), and edited it for the next fifteen years. At Washington, in 1848, his life of Gen. Wm. O. Butler, the Kentucky soldier-poet, was published. Gen. Lew Wallace, in his recently published autobiography, puts Butler's "Boatman's Horn" down as one of his favorite poems. This life of Butler has always been attributed to Blair's son, F. P. Blair, Jr., but a copy found by his grandson in the Library of Congress revealed the real authorship.

Blair took a prominent part in the war between the States.

Because of continued ill-health, William T. Barry resigned his Cabinet position in 1835, and accepted the Ambassadorship to Spain. Death overtook him on the way, however, and he died in Liverpool, August 30, 1835. The Kentucky legislature had Barry's remains brought back to Kentucky, and, with the dust of Charles Scott, the fifth Kentucky Governor, they were reinterred in the State Cemetery at Frankfort, November 8, 1854. Theodore O'Hara delivered the funeral oration upon Barry, and it was the best oration ever delivered by Kentucky's great poet. It may truthfully be said, Kentucky has produced no other man who held as many high offices, in a life of fifty years, as did William Taylor Barry.

THE FIRST KENTUCKY POET

THE FIRST KENTUCKY POET

JOHN FILSON, the historian; Gilbert Imlay, the novelist; and Thomas Johnson, the poet, are first in the three great departments of Kentucky literature in point of time only, and not according to the rank or quality of their productions. Their three little books are of interest because the first books in the literature of a people are always interesting. As in beginning the study of English literature we start with Caedmon, Cynewulf, and Bede, or in American literature with Martyr, Brown, and Bradstreet, so in beginning the study of Kentucky literature we start with Filson, Imlay, and Johnson, before we study Collins, Allen, or O'Hara.

The founders of Kentucky literature were not native Kentuckians. Filson was a Pennsylvanian, Imlay was born in New Jersey, and Johnson first saw the light in Virginia. Kentucky did not have a permanent settlement until 1774, and as these three men published their books before 1800, it would have been unusual for a person to be born in Kentucky and write a book before the nineteenth century.

Thomas Johnson, the son of Thomas Johnson, was born in Virginia about 1760. The exact date of his birth, like Filson's and Imlay's, is unknown. They were all born about the middle of the eighteenth century. Nothing is known of Johnson's genealogy or posterity, although it is certain that he emigrated to Kentucky from Virginia when he was twenty-five years of age. *The Kentucky Gazette* for February 9, 1793, notified Johnson there was a letter for him in the Danville post-office. So we know that he was living in Kentucky at least three years before his poems were published.

Looking over the Kentucky towns, Johnson selected Danville, then in Mercer County, as his future home. Danville was founded by Walker Daniel in 1781, and when Johnson reached there it had a population of one hundred souls. Ten years later Danville became the first capital of Kentucky, and the very year that Johnson became a citizen of the little settlement the famous Political Club was organized. He undoubtedly knew the leading spirits in this Club, who were also the moulders of public opinion in the early years of the infant Commonwealth: Harry Innes, George Muter, Christopher Greenup, Samuel McDowell, John Brown, and many others of equal prominence.

Thomas Speed, in his history of "The Political Club," prints a letter written to the young man who was secretary of the Club, warning him against the gaiety of Danville. "How do you like the life you lead in Danville? Are you not drawn into excesses? Keep no bad hours or company. You deserve the character you have of a prudent man for your years, yet I fear the levity of that place may lead you astray." Capt. Speed comments: "It is difficult to think of Danville possessing the allurements of a city as early as 1786." We can thus see environment had a great deal to do with Johnson's moral downfall; and what it failed to do, heredity doubtless did. Heredity and environment earned for him the sobriquet—"the Drunken Poet of Danville"—which was given years afterward to another Danville poet, William Marvin.

Although a drunken ne'er-do-weel, Johnson wrote some good satirical verses. These verses he collected and published at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1796, in a small duodecimo pamphlet under the title of "The Kentucky Miscellany." This was the first book of poems published in Kentucky. Filson and Imlay had written their books in Kentucky, but had published them elsewhere; and, although Adam Rankin's "A Process in the Transylvania Presbytery" (1793) was the first book pub-

lished in Kentucky, Johnson has the honor of publishing the first book that can be called literature in any sense that was issued in this State. On January 16, 1796, and also in the two succeeding issues, *The Gazette* announced that they had Johnson's poems for sale at nine pence per copy—about eighteen cents. Some of the pieces were written probably a decade before they were published, and the epigram on "John" was written in 1776.

A second edition of "The Kentucky Miscellany" appeared in 1815, and a third edition a few years later, but not a single copy of the first three editions is extant. At Lexington, in 1821, the fourth and last edition of Johnson's poems was printed at the *Advertiser* office. The only extant copy was for many years in the possession of Rev. L. W. Seely, a Baptist minister of Frankfort, Kentucky. At his death the precious little volume fell into the hands of his son, Dr. R. S. Seely, a Midway physician. Nine years ago Dr. Seely died, and as he left no heirs his father's old library, with the treasured little "Johnson," was sold. The one man in Kentucky who would value such a book is R. T. Durrett, and at the Seely sale he bought "The Kentucky Miscellany" for a mere song, and it now occupies an honored place in the most complete library of Kentucky books ever gotten together.

The book contains only thirty-six pages, is mouse-eaten at one corner, and parts of the best verses are destroyed. The following extracts are reproduced here, not because they are comparable to the "Corn Law Rimes" of Ebenezer Elliott, but because they are productions of the first Kentucky poet, and should be preserved in a more substantial form than in a paper-backed, dog-eared pamphlet. Excerpts only can be given, not simply because the verses are badly mutilated, but also because they are obscene. To prove that Johnson lived in an age of vulgarity and coarseness, one has only to turn to the files of the early Kentucky newspapers and peruse the jokes to be found there. Johnson had some education, as his verses testify, with a sprinkling of satiric genius. Like Burns, he was never able to bury John Barleycorn alive. One day, while drunk, he stumbled into the famous old Danville Tavern, kept by Erasmus Gill. Dinner was over and he found nothing but the crumbs. After looking at the table some moments he offered his famous "Extempore Grace":

> O! Thou who blest the loaves and fishes
> Look down upon these empty dishes;
> And that same power that did them fill,
> Bless each of us, but d—— old Gill.

To William Gill, whom Johnson supposed to be dead, he presented these lines:

Here lies the corpse of Billy Gill,
Whom cruel Crow in rage did kill.
Beneath this stone he safely lies,
No orphans mourn, no widow cries;
His happy children, happy wife,
Freed from oppression, freed from strife,
Join in the shout, proclaim the joy,
He's gone who did our peace destroy.

The two following poems show Johnson's opinion of the town and State of his adoption:

Accursed Danville, vile, detested spot,
Where knaves inhabit, and where fools resort—
Thy roguish cunning, and thy deep design,
Would shame a Bluebeard or an Algerine.
O may thy fatal day be ever curst,
When by blind error led, I entered first.

. . . . .

I hate Kentucky, curse the place,
And all her vile and miscreant race!
Who make religion's sacred tie
A mask thro' which they cheat and lie.
Proteus could not change his shape,
Nor Jupiter commit a rape,
With half the ease those villains can
Send prayers to God and cheat their man!
I hate all Judges here of late,
And every Lawyer in the State.
Each quack that is called Physician,
And all blockheads in Commission—

Worse than the Baptist roaring rant,
I hate the Presbyterian cant—
Their Parsons, Elders, nay the whole,
And wish them gone with all my soul.

The Mercer County, Kentucky, election for the year 1787 elicited the following verses:

From low and abject themes my groviling muse
Now upward soars, and loftier subjects chuse;
Mercer's grand election here display,
And sing the glories of that pompous day.
M'Dowell, Jouett, Taylor, take their place
With panting breast, each anxious for the race;
Soon Jouett mounts his Pegasus on high,
And Taylor's ragged ruffians rush him high;
In sullen gloom, M'Dowell moves along,
Nor hopes for suffrage from the blackguard throng.
All vote for Taylor, Taylor ev'ry soul;
And Mercer pours her filth on Taylor's poll.

During Johnson's day a meeting of the county lieutenants was held in Danville, in order to regulate the militia. The village poet invoked from Jupiter these lines:

When Greece with Troy waged war,
Jove mounted his imperial car,
Descended straight (so Homer says)
On Ida's top in all his blaze;
From whence he could both hosts survey,
And whence he thunder'd "part the fray."
I pray, dear Jove, once more come down,
And take a view of Danville town;

See our great Col'nels here below,
Debating what they'll never know,
But lest some mischief may befall,
Bring thunder, Jove, and scatter all;
Disperse the tyrants far away,
And we in duty bound will pray.

Near Danville a certain William Hudson murdered his wife, and the crime moved Johnson's epigrammatic muse to say:

Strange things of Orpheus poets tell,
How for a wife he went to Hell;
Hudson, a wise man no doubt,
Would go to Hell to be without.

Probably the kindest of the eight epitaphs given in "The Kentucky Miscellany" is one the author wrote for a dog:

Here lies the corpse of little Cue,
Whose heart was honest, good and true.
Why not preserve her memory then,
Who never yet, like faithless men,
Concealed in smiles a mortal spite,
Nor fawned on them she meant to bite?

Johnson fell deeply in love with a young woman to whom he addresses two poems given in his book. Miss Polly Armstead was the real or poetical name of the woman. Before telling her of his love, he thought it better to first break the news to Dr. John Reid.

Did Hippo sore my mind perplex,
Or aches and pains my body vex;
I for the Doctor then would send,
And hope relief from such a friend.
But love's the pain that I endure,
The sole disease you cannot cure;
I love, but am not lov'd again,
O curse of curses, cruel pain!
'Tis this deprives my soul of rest,
And fills with care my troubled breast.

Then to Miss Polly herself Johnson tunes his lyre:

To sing of Polly, lovely maid,
Requires no fabled muse's aid;
Her charms can inspiration give,
And make her poets numbers live.
Venus, thy throne of beauty yield;
Nor love dispute with her the field;
Thou ne'er had won the golden prize,
Had Paris viewed my Polly's eyes.
In vain the Goddess would compare,
With her for feature, shape and air;
In Pallas' self, alas! we find
But a weak emblem of her mind.
Observe the diamond's lucid blaze,
Darting forth its sparkling rays;
These shining charms could never vie
With charming Polly's brighter eye.
The crow who mounts on pinion high,
And seems to pierce the azure sky,
His sable plume, however rare,
Is white, compared with Polly's hair.

The second poem shows that Miss Armstead was quite indifferent to Johnson's affection, and the concluding lines are a lover's lament over wasted love:

> But kind heaven forbid that she should know
> Pains like mine, or feel such scenes of woe;
> Whate'er my fate may be, may bliss be thine,
> And still be guarded by the powers Divine.

Johnson told the truth about himself in the opening lines of one of his longer poems:

> Hail Danville! Hail! where Johnson shines,
> The hero of his blackguard rhymes!
> Whose limber pen and polite brains,
> Turns epic into dog'rel strains.

A man in Johnson's neighborhood, known as John, had become largely indebted to Danville merchants and then left the town. Johnson consoled the sufferers with the following:

> John ran so long and ran so fast,
> No wonder he ran out at last;
> He ran into debt, and then to pay,
> He distanc'd all and ran away.

David Rice, the founder of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky, had bought land on the faith of his congregation paying for it. The payment was deferred until the sheriff was ready to cast Rice into prison. While he was under the sheriff's eye, communion day came around. Rice refused to administer the

sacrament on the ground that it was not right to admit persons to the holy table who refused to pay their debts. Naturally a sensation was created, and Rice's action became Johnson's song. He wrote the following satire and nailed it to the church door: "On Parson Rice, Who Refused To Perform Divine Service Till His Arrears Were Paid."

Ye fools! I told you once or twice,
You'd hear no more from canting R—e;
He cannot settle his affairs,
Nor pay attention unto prayers,
Unless you pay up your arrears.
Oh, how in pulpit he would storm,
And fill all hell with dire alarm!
Vengeance pronounced against each vice,
And, more than all, curs'd avarice;
Preach'd money was the root of ill;
Consigned each rich man unto hell;
But since he finds you will not pay,
Both rich and poor may go that way.
'Tis no more than I expected—
The meeting-house is now neglected:
All trades are subject to this chance,
No longer pipe, no longer dance.

By far the best poem, and in fact the only verses that Johnson ever wrote that can be said to contain real poetry, is his "Panegyric on Doctor Fields." Only an extract is extant:

Oh, could I reach the true sublime;
With energy of thought in rime,
My verse should far inscribe thy name,
In standing monuments of fame;

Long as my life its course should run,
Till all the fatal thread be spun;
Each morning early as I rise,
Each evening ere I close my eyes:
When I adore the Unseen Above,
In whom I live and whom I love,
And pay the reverential praise
For all the blessings of my days,—
In that memorial first shall stand
His mercy by thy saving hand;
'Bove all the joy that fortune yields,
I bless my God for Doctor Fields.

This poem plainly shows Johnson's love for God and God's good man. He himself confessed that he was nothing but a rimester, for he hated cant and hypocrisy.

Colonel William Christian was one of the many Virginia soldiers of the Revolution who settled in Kentucky after the war. He was a member of the Virginia legislature for a short time. In April, 1786, he was engaged in a bloody conflict with Indians, and was killed by them. Christian County, Kentucky, was named in his honor. When the news of his death reached Danville our poet wrote the following epitaph for the soldier:

To great and noble things a transient date
And sudden downfall is decreed by fate!
Witness the man who here in silence lies,
Whom monarchs might have viewed with envious eyes.

Knowing that the first Kentucky historian and the first Kentucky novelist sleep in unknown graves, I went to Danville to ascertain the last resting-place of the first Kentucky poet. With the assistance of several members of the Scribbler Club, I searched through the old Presbyterian graveyard for Johnson's grave, but failed to find it. An examination of the files of the *Kentucky Gazette* and *Kentucky Reporter,* from 1796 to 1825, showed no reference to the date of his death. It may be approximately fixed as occurring during the first quarter of the last century.

Johnson wrote his own epitaph, and if the Danville people of his day erected a little tombstone to his memory, this epitaph was probably inscribed upon it:

> Underneath this marble tomb,
> In endless shades lies drunken Tom;
> Here safely moored, dead as a log,
> Who got his death by drinking grog.
> By whisky grog he lost his breath—
> Who would not die so sweet a death?

Surely, the student of Kentucky letters will say, it is a far cry from the crude verses of Thomas Johnson to the exquisite lyrics of Madison Cawein.

OLD KING SOLOMON

OLD KING SOLOMON

Old King Solomon is the unique unicity of Kentucky history. Only one other Kentuckian, Thomas Johnson, the State's first poet, is comparable to him in regard to uniqueness of character. They are both the hero-drunkards of our history. King Solomon, sobering up in time to become the hero of the most dreadful year that has ever swept down upon the bluegrass region; Thomas Johnson, sobering up in time to write the first book of poems that was published in Kentucky, are companion spirits and deserve an honored place in the history of the Commonwealth.

William Solomon, to give him his real name, was born in that part of Virginia known as the "Slashes," two years before the birth of Henry Clay, or about 1775. He claimed to have been a playmate of Clay, and always referred to the Sage of Ashland as "Henry." Solomon emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky at the beginning of the nineteenth century and settled in Lexington. He became a cellar-digger, and for some years followed this occupation, until whiskey got the upper hand and he did nothing but sit on the curbstone, in

a drunken condition, and smoke the stubs of Clay's cigars. William Solomon earned his title of "King" in the following manner: One day, while intoxicated, he was employed to trim a tree in the court-house yard. He got out on a long limb and cut it too close to the body of the tree, when it snapped off and let him fall to the ground. His great wisdom in tree trimming quickly earned for him the title of King Solomon—after the wisest man of history. Finally he became so utterly worthless that he was tried and sentenced to be sold for vagrancy. This was in the summer of 1833. At the beginning of this year Lexington was preparing to entertain Daniel Webster, Clay's mighty rival. As the clock struck the hour of noon of one of the most beautiful days of that eventful summer, Sheriff Thomas Brown stepped out upon the court-house steps, followed closely by a powerful man with a deep chest, strong arms, a mass of red hair that had not been combed for weeks, blurred, bloodshot eyes—such was old King Solomon. After making a humorous speech, the sheriff "knocked off" the Old King to Aunt Charlotte, an old negress who sold pies and gingerbread, and had known Solomon when he was a little boy playing with her young master in Virginia. She and the King were the surviving members of that little company of Vir-

ginians from the same neighborhood that had emigrated to Kentucky in the early part of the century.

James Lane Allen, in his story of King Solomon, says that Aunt Charlotte bought the King for thirteen dollars, but Ranck's "History of Lexington" says that she bought him for eighteen cents, and that he was a good investment, as he earned her seventy-five cents a day. Both of these writers claim to tell the true story of Solomon's life, so we simply have another case of two Kentucky authors disagreeing, which, by the way, has not been an uncommon occurrence with our State historians. At any rate, Aunt Charlotte bought Solomon and took him to the little home that she had purchased by selling pies and gingerbread.

The night of the day upon which King Solomon was sold, M. Xaupi, a gamin of the French Revolution, gave a ball in the dancing-room over the confectionery of M. Giron. Men and women from all over central Kentucky were present; among them the beautiful Helen Foster, of Mississippi, who had recently married Richard Allen, of Kentucky. She wore her famous wedding-dress, afterwards described by her gifted son as "a white satin with ethereal silk overdress embroidered in an oak-leaf of green." King Solomon had witnessed

this ball from a sheltering doorstep on the opposite side of the street. Early in the morning he went to the home of Aunt Charlotte and retired in the bed which she had prepared for him.

The next day the dreaded cholera reached Lexington, and every one who could leave town did so. Those that remained were paralyzed with fear. In less than ten days fifteen hundred were prostrated, and dying at the rate of fifty a day. Of one family of nineteen members, seventeen died. Persons were buried in long trenches, and in boxes and trunks when the coffins gave out. Aunt Charlotte entreated Solomon to leave town, but he saw that the physicians, ministers, and even the grave-diggers were dead or dying, and he resolved to stay and bury the dead. Asking Aunt Charlotte for his mattock and spade, he emerged into the street, resolved to serve the people who had laughed him to scorn. King Solomon is an excellent example of the old rule that crises make men. For weeks he dug the graves of the people who had made sport of him when they were living.

In the old grave-yard on Short Street, where the Baptist church now stands, Solomon dug graves all summer. He became the man of the hour, and the people who had cursed him for his worthless life now praised him in the

work that he was doing. The very dogs had howled execrations against him, but now even the dogs licked his hands, and little children clung tenderly to him as the man who had buried the bodies of their parents. The Fourth of July of this year was spent by the people in fasting and prayer instead of revelling. But "Nature soon smiles upon her own ravages and strews our graves with flowers." The autumn brought relief, and the students of Transylvania University were back in the "Kentucky Birmingham" once more. Friends met friends again, and among them Aunt Charlotte and Old King Solomon were cynosures of all eyes. When court opened, Solomon went to the court-room, where the judge shook his hand, as did all the members of the bar that had survived the dreadful plague. He had buried the judge's wife and daughter one cloudy midnight, and also many of the lawyers and their relatives. This day was the "coronation scene in the life of King Solomon of Kentucky." A few years later, General Samuel Woodson Price, the blind soldier-artist and author of "The Old Masters of the Blue Grass," painted a picture of Solomon, which was placed in the Phœnix Hotel, and which was awarded a medal at the Cincinnati Exposition some years ago. After the cholera was over, Old King went back to his former habit

of smoking Clay's cigar stubs and drinking grog. He only consented to sit for his picture after General Price had promised to give him all the grog he could drink and all the cigars he could smoke. On November 22, 1854, King Solomon died. He survived "Henry" something over two years, and went down to his grave an ardent Whig, and a man who, although a vagabond, had never sold his vote for lucre. Like Thomas Johnson, King Solomon lost his breath by whiskey, and he also, like Johnson, could ask, "Who would not die so sweet a death?"

Some years ago his grave was hunted out in the Lexington Cemetery and marked with a little tombstone. It is in the shadow of Clay's monument, and, as in life, so in death he is overshadowed by the "Great Commoner."

In 1891 James Lane Allen published his first book, entitled "Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales." This book, which is now generally admitted to be Allen's masterpiece, contains a story of "King Solomon of Kentucky." While it is based on facts, it is one of the most striking stories that Kentucky's foremost novelist has given to the world. It has immortalized Solomon in story as Price had previously done in art.

THE FILSON CLUB

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THE Filson Club, named in honor of John Filson, the first Kentucky historian, was organized in Louisville, Kentucky, May 15, 1884, by ten historically inclined Kentuckians: Col. R. T. Durrett, Gen. Basil W. Duke, Richard H. Collins, John M. Brown, James S. Pirtle, Thomas W. Bullitt, Alexander P. Humphrey, William Chenault, George M. Davie, and Thomas Speed. These ten men were all citizens of Louisville.

Colonel Durrett was elected as the club's first president, and he has served in this capacity for twenty-three years. He may be rightly considered the founder of the Filson Club. Reuben Thomas Durrett was born in Henry County, Kentucky, January 22, 1824. He studied for two years at Georgetown College and then went to Brown University, graduating in the class of 1849. The following year he studied law at the University of Louisville Law School, and for the next thirty years he was a leading Louisville attorney. For a time Colonel Durrett was one of the editors of the *Louisville Daily Courier,* and in 1871

he founded the Public Library of Kentucky. Georgetown College, Brown University, and the University of Louisville have conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him. Intellectually and physically, Colonel Durrett is a magnificent man.

Col. Josiah Stoddard Johnston was elected as the Filson Club's vice-president. He is a nephew of the famous Kentuckian, General Albert Sidney Johnston. Colonel Johnston was born in New Orleans, February 10, 1833, and graduated at Yale in his twentieth year. For twelve years he was president of the Yale Alumni Association of Kentucky. Colonel Johnston has been a lawyer, planter, Confederate soldier, politician, author, journalist, and in all distinguished. He is now one of the editors of the *Courier-Journal*.

Captain Thomas Speed was elected secretary of the Filson Club, and served for twenty years, until his death, which occurred a year or more ago. Captain Speed was born in Bardstown, Kentucky, in 1841, and was educated at Centre and Hanover Colleges. He was a gallant Union soldier during the civil war. After the war Captain Speed studied law at the University of Michigan, and practiced in partnership with James Speed, Abraham Lincoln's Attorney-General. From July 9, 1892, until his death, Captain Speed

was Clerk of the United States Circuit and District Courts in the district of Kentucky.

The Kentucky Title-Savings Bank was appointed as the treasurer of the Filson Club, and has been continued in that office to the present time. It was decided not to sell the Club publications, in the commercial sense, but to distribute them among the four hundred members at $3 per copy. This payment also covers the membership dues.

The meetings of the Club are held on the first Monday night in every month, except July, August, and September, when the summer vacation occurs, at Colonel Durrett's residence, 202 East Chestnut Street. They may be divided into three parts: the business meeting, the literary, and then the social side of the program. The business meeting over, which is mostly taken up with the election of new members, Colonel Durrett introduces the reader of the paper. If a lady, the men rise from their chairs and bow. After the paper is read, comes the discussion, in which not only the points brought out in the paper of the evening are discussed, but the members delight in augmenting it many times by personal reminiscence. If a member has no business to bring before the Club, no paper to read, no word of testimony to give, then the last number on the program is one in which he can take part—

that is, to drink some of "the Colonel's cider" and smoke one of Mr. Bickel's Filson Club cigars. Every good member of the Club, regardless of age, sex, or previous condition of servitude, is expected to drink a glass of cider; smoking is optional.

The Filson Club was not founded for feasting, however, but for serious historical work. It was "established for the purpose of collecting and preserving the history of Kentucky, the biography of its citizens, and the traditions of its pioneers." This task it has faithfully performed.

The first publication of the Filson Club was issued in 1884, the year the Club was founded, and just a century after the publication of John Filson's quaint little volume. It was eminently fitting that the founder of the Club should be the author of the first publication, and also that the subject treated should be "The Life and Writings of John Filson"—the man after whom the Club was named.

The second publication was "The Wilderness Road," by Capt. Thomas Speed. Besides the manuscripts that Captain Speed gave to the Filson Club, he collected history of the Speed family in America. But his most important work is "The Union Cause in Kentucky," which the Putnams brought out this spring.

The third publication was "The Pioneer Press of Kentucky," by W. H. Perrin. This book covered the history of the press in Kentucky from the establishment of John Bradford's *Gazette*—the second newspaper, and not the first, as many believe, published west of the Alleghanies, August 18, 1787—to the establishment of the *Daily Press* in 1830. It was illustrated with facsimile pages from the *Kentucky Gazette* and *Farmer's Library,* a view of the first printing-house in Kentucky, and pictures of John Bradford, Shadrack Penn, and George D. Prentice.

The next publication was the "Life and Times of Judge Caleb Wallace," the first Associate Justice of the Kentucky Court of Appeals. It was written by Rev. William H. Whitsitt, D. D., and published in 1888. Dr. Whitsitt is a Baptist theologian of great ability. His works on the Baptist form of Christianity are admirable. Dr. Whitsitt was the associate editor of "Johnston's Universal Cyclopedia," and now lives in Richmond, Virginia.

The fifth publication was written by Colonel Durrett, and was "An Historical Sketch of St. Paul's Church." This sketch was prepared for the semi-centennial celebration, which was held on October 6, 1889. It was illustrated with pictures of the leading pastors of

this historic church and with cuts of the church.

The same year the most profound of any of the publications was issued, entitled "The Political Beginnings of Kentucky," by Col. John Mason Brown. Colonel Brown was a learned historian, and his book is of great value in the study of early political conditions in our State. The work treated the political history from the beginning up to the admission of Kentucky as an American State. Kentucky was admitted into the Union June 1, 1792—one year after the admission of Vermont, and the second State admitted after the Revolution.

On October 6, 1891, the Filson Club was incorporated for the purpose, as explained in its charter, of collecting and publishing the history of Kentucky and for cultivating a taste for the history of our State.

The Kentucky centennial, which occurred in 1892, was celebrated by the Filson Club with a banquet which was held at the Galt House on June 1. At this banquet Colonel Durrett presided, and Major Henry T. Stanton, the Kentucky poet, the author of "The Moneyless Man," read a poem entitled "Kentucky." Later in the same year Colonel Durrett compiled the banquet speeches and Stanton's poem and published a volume entitled "The Centenary of Kentucky."

The predecessor of the Filson Club was the Southern Historical Association, which was disbanded when the Filson Club was organized. For the eighth publication Colonel Durrett published a paper that he had read before the Southern Association on May 1, 1880, commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Louisville by George Rogers Clark. It contained portraits of Durrett, Clark, and La Salle, and was called "The Centenary of Louisville."

In 1894 Captain Speed contributed a paper on "The Political Club of Danville, Kentucky," which was founded in 1786 and disbanded in 1790. The original papers were found by Speed after a search of many years.

The tenth publication was Dr. Call's "Rafinesque." Rafinesque was a professor of natural science at old Transylvania University for some years, and Call's book is illustrated with likenesses of the fishes of the Ohio and the botany of Louisville.

Dr. Robert Peter, of Lexington, Kentucky, prepared an able paper on the rise, decline, and fall of Transylvania University. For many years Dr. Peter was professor of chemistry at Transylvania University, and he was thoroughly acquainted with its history. He was probably the ablest chemist that Kentucky has produced. It was not published

until after the Doctor's death, and was prepared for publication by his daughter, Miss Johanna Peter, who now lives in Fayette County.

The twelfth publication was made up of the memorial proceedings held at Bryan's Station in 1896 under the auspices of the Lexington Chapter, D. A. R., and was prepared by Colonel Durrett for publication. It contained portraits of many Lexingtonians, and is the most distinctly Lexington book which the Club has issued.

Col. J. Stoddard Johnston edited for publication, in 1898, the journals of Dr. Thomas Walker and Col. Christopher Gist, under the title of "The First Explorations of Kentucky." Besides this book, Colonel Johnston has written a history of Louisville, in two volumes, and the "Confederate History of Kentucky." Recently, the papers of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, his old chief, have been turned over to him to prepare a biography of the youngest of the American Vice-Presidents.

In 1899 the Club issued two books in one. The first paper was written by Z. F. Smith, the Kentucky historian, which was a sketch of Henry Clay's mother, and the second part was written by Mary Rogers Clay on the genealogy of the Clays. The book was illustrated with Clay pictures and pictures of the authors.

At the meeting in October, 1905, Alfred Pirtle was elected to succeed Captain Speed as secretary of the Filson Club. As the fifteenth publication, Captain Pirtle's "The Battle of Tippecanoe" was published as the first of an historical trilogy. It was illustrated with pictures of William H. Harrison, Col. Joseph H. Daveiss, and the famous Indian, "The Prophet." The historian of Lexington, George W. Ranck, contributed the history of Boonesborough, with pictures of Boone and of many Boone relics as the sixteenth publication.

The most artistic of the Filson Club publications was printed in 1902, written by Gen. Samuel W. Price, the artist, entitled "Old Masters of the Blue Grass." It contained biographical sketches of the famous Kentucky artists, Jouett, Bush, Frazer, Grimes, and Hart, and many reproductions of their work.

The next year Col. Bennett H. Young's history of the "Battle of the Thames," with a list of the Kentucky soldiers that were in the battle, was published. Colonel Young's book formed the second of the historical trilogy, and is regarded by many persons as the best of the Filson Club publications. Colonel Young prepared the book with great care, and it tells in detail of the gallant Kentuckians who fell in that memorable battle. Among Colonel Young's other books are histories of the Ken-

tucky Constitution, and of evangelistic work in Kentucky, history of the Battle of Blue Licks, and of his native county, Jessamine.

Young's "Battle of the Thames" was followed by a history of the "Battle of New Orleans," by Z. F. Smith, and contains portraits of Governors Shelby and Slaughter. Mr. Smith's work closed the trilogy of battles in which Kentuckians took such prominent parts. Mr. Smith is, after Collins, the ablest historian that our Commonwealth has had.

In 1905 Miss Peter prepared her father's history of the medical department of Transylvania University for publication. It was illustrated with pictures of the Transylvania professors and sketches of them.

The twenty-first publication was issued by John P. Morton & Co., the house that has prepared all of the Club's publications, and was written by a former Kentucky newspaper man, Anderson Q. Quisenberry, now living in Washington City. It is entitled "Lopez's Expeditions to Cuba, 1850-1851." The two Kentuckians who made this expedition famous were Col. Theodore O'Hara, the author of an immortal martial poem, and Col. William L. Crittenden, whose last words proclaimed another American hero and martyr.

Mr. Quisenberry originally intended to write a novel founded on these expeditions, to

be called "The Strong in Heart," but finally decided to write the history of the expeditions, thus giving James Lane Allen or John Fox, Jr., a background for a Kentucky novel, which he hopes, as he says in his preface, one or the other of them will write. Mr. Quisenberry is the author of a biography of Humphrey Marshall the elder, and several other valuable books. His account of Lopez's Expeditions is, in the opinion of many, the most readable of any of the Filson Club books.

The latest publication of the Club is entitled "The Quest for a Lost Race," by Dr. Thomas E. Pickett, of Maysville, Kentucky. The book presents Paul Du Chaillu's theory of the origin of the English-speaking race. Du Chaillu contended that the English were descended from the Scandinavians rather than the Teutons—from the Normans rather than the Germans. Dr. Pickett presents the theory of Du Chaillu ably and fairly. The book is illustrated with half-tone likenesses of the author, of King William the Conqueror, of Du Chaillu, of several maps of Scandinavia and England, and of quite a number of distinguished Kentuckians who are supposed to be of Scandinavian or Norman-French origin. Altogether, the book is one of unusual beauty. The Filson Club publications are the delight of all students of our State's history.

THE KENTUCKY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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In examining the files of the old *Frankfort Commonwealth,* one of the best of the early Kentucky newspapers, in search of data for an historical work that I had in preparation, I discovered the announcement founding the Kentucky State Historical Society. As I had thought that the Society was of recent establishment, I was surprised to ascertain that it was founded over half a century ago. Shortly after finding out the date of the Kentucky Society organization, I also became interested in the origin of historical societies in this country, and what is found in this essay is the result of that interest.

The originator of the historical society idea in the United States was John Pintard, a graduate of Princeton University, and a native of New York. His visit to Boston, Massachusetts, resulted in the formation of the first historical society that was organized in America—the Massachusetts Historical Society, founded in 1781. Thirteen years later it was incorporated, and for over a century has been enriching American history by its publica-

tions, known as "Collections" and "Proceedings."

The second historical society to be founded in the United States was the New York Historical Society, also organized through Pintard's efforts, in 1804. Eighteen years later historical societies for the States of Maine and Rhode Island were established. In 1824 the Historical Society of Pennsylvania was founded at Philadelphia. The following year the Connecticut Historical Society was organized at Hartford. The first historical society in the West was the Indiana Society, which was established at Indianapolis in 1830. The first society to be organized in the South was founded the following year—the Virginia Historical Society, which has done such good work for Virginia history. Its quarterly publication, *The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, is edited by the Society's secretary, William G. Stanard. Two years later the Historical Society of North Carolina was founded. The headquarters of the Society are now at Chapel Hill, the seat of the University of North Carolina. The present secretary is Dr. K. P. Battle, professor of history at the University. On January 15, 1836, about three months before the Kentucky Historical Society was organized, the Louisiana Historical Society was established at Baton Rouge, but

has headquarters at New Orleans at the present time.

The eleventh historical society to be organized on American soil was the Kentucky State Historical Society, which was established at Frankfort, the capital of the State, on April 22, 1836. The meeting of organization was held in the Secretary of State's office, which was situated in the public square in Frankfort. A number of gentlemen interested in Kentucky history were present, and John Brown, Esq., was appointed president of the meeting. C. S. Todd was appointed vice-president, and Gervas E. Russell, secretary.

The following resolutions in regard to the formation of the Society were adopted:

"*Resolved*, That measures be taken to organize a historical society for the State of Kentucky, the object of which shall be to collect and preserve authentic information and facts connected with the early history of the State;

"That the society shall be composed of a president, vice-president, and such other officers as may be deemed necessary to make it efficient and useful;

"One of the main objects of the Association shall be to celebrate, in such a manner as shall be deemed most expedient, the anniver-

sary of the first settlement of Kentucky on the spot where that settlement was made;

"The more effectually to accomplish this object, it will be the duty of the Secretary to select some person or persons to deliver an address suitable to the occasion, on the day set apart for the annual celebration;

"The Society shall be composed of native citizens of Kentucky, or such as may have intermarried with families born in the State, and of those citizens who may have emigrated to it prior to June 1, 1792, when the Constitution went into operation;

"Auxiliary societies may be formed in every town and neighborhood, where sufficient interest may be felt to unite in the promotion of an object so important to the preservation of the facts and events connected with the first settlement of the State;

"It is expected that as many members as practicable, who may have been born anterior to the organization of the State, will attend each anniversary for the purpose of communicating the incidents connected with the early history of Kentucky. It is distinctly understood that a general participation is recommended—the character of membership will be confined to no political or religious party;

"A constitution for the society, more in detail, shall be adopted, defining its objects and

the principles on which it shall be conducted."

After adoption of these ten resolutions, Orlando Brown was appointed as first corresponding secretary of the Society. Hon. John Rowan was elected as the first president. Rowan was a distinguished Kentucky lawyer, and a bitter opponent of Henry Clay. He was probably the best Latin scholar of his day in Kentucky, and prepared a manuscript Latin grammar for his own diversion. Rowan lived near Bardstown, Kentucky, in Nelson County, at his famous country home, "Federal Hill." He was the uncle of Stephen Collins Foster, and it was while on a visit to Rowan that Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home." To-day at "Federal Hill" the oil painting of John Rowan, first president of the Kentucky Historical Society, looks down at the table upon which Foster wrote his immortal melody.

On January 21, 1841, probably through Rowan's efforts, the Kentucky legislature directed one copy each of its journals, and all books published by the State, to be deposited with the Society, "to be accessible to the examination of any citizen." This law has been carried out, and many State books have been thus preserved.

Judge Rowan died in Louisville, Kentucky,

July 13, 1843, in his seventieth year, and the Kentucky Historical Society rapidly declined. For several years after Rowan's death it struggled along, but when the clouds of civil strife began to gather it was thought best, by those in charge, to discontinue the Society. This was done, and for over a decade Kentucky had no historical society.

Ten years after the civil war, or in 1875, the Frankfort "Lyceum" was organized, and out of this organization was formed a society or club for the reorganization of the suspended Historical Society. This club took steps for a more permanent formation of an historical society, and in 1878 it was regularly organized as the Kentucky Historical Society. In 1879-1880 the Society presented a petition to the legislature asking for an appropriation and rooms in the new wing of the Capitol then being erected. The request was granted. They secured a charter and used the money appropriated for the equipment of the rooms. Preston H. Leslie, afterwards Governor of Montana, was then Governor of Kentucky, and was elected as the first president of the reorganized Kentucky State Historical Society. During Governor James B. McCreary's administration a little pamphlet was issued, out of which the Society's magazine of to-day, *The Register*, grew. Since its reorgan-

ization the Governors of Kentucky have been chosen as presidents of the Society.

During Governor Simon B. Buckner's administration regular meetings were suspended, and when Governor John Young Brown came into office he closed the Society's rooms and kept the keys. Governor William O. Bradley gave the rooms up as an office for a State department. In 1896 the rooms were again given to the Society, when it was re-established by Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, the Kentucky poetess. It was regularly reorganized by the union of the Frankfort Society of Colonial Daughters and resident members of the Historical Society, as it existed until discontinued during Governor Buckner's administration.

Governor Bradley became president *ex-officio* of the Kentucky Historical Society, and held the office until 1900, when Governor J. C. W. Beckham succeeded him. Governor Beckham has been the best president the Society has ever had. In his message to the legislature last winter he recommended that an annual appropriation of $5,000 be given to the Society, and it was done. Also, through his influence, suitable rooms have been allotted to the Society in the new State Capitol that is now being erected.

The first number of *The Register,* the official

publication of the Society, edited by Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, was issued in January, 1903. It is published quarterly and the subscription is $1.00 per year. The membership fee is the same amount. Every Kentuckian is entitled to membership in the Kentucky State Historical Society, and every son or daughter of Kentucky who loves the State should be a subscriber to the magazine and a member of the Society. Two meetings are held during the year: the annual meeting on June 7, and the business meeting on October 3. Under the care of its distinguished president, Governor Beckham, who hails from the same town that the Society's first president came from, and its secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Morton, the Society is doing a good work for the preservation of Kentucky history, and it deserves the support of all loyal Kentuckians.

HAS KENTUCKY PRODUCED A POET?

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EDMUND GOSSE, the English critic, in his book called "Questions at Issue," has a chapter entitled "Has America Produced a Poet?" Gosse answered this question affirmatively, saying that America has produced only one really great poet—Edgar Allan Poe.

Now, without entering into a discussion whether or no Poe is the greatest American poet, or whether or no Lowell is the greatest American poet, by changing the subject of the chapter's title from America to Kentucky, and saying, "Has Kentucky produced a poet?" I have found the title for this paper. I, too, wish to answer the question, as I have changed it, affirmatively, and say that Kentucky has produced not one, but two really great poets —Theodore O'Hara and Madison Cawein—my definition of greatness being more modest than the one of Mr. Gosse.

It means a great deal to say that from the time Thomas Johnson published, in 1796, "The Kentucky Miscellany" until 1847, when O'Hara published "The Bivouac of the Dead," Kentucky produced only one genuine poet,

and from 1847 to 1902, when Cawein published "Kentucky Poems," she produced another poet that can fairly take his place beside O'Hara. The student of Kentucky history who has paid but passing notice to the literature of the State—and we have, as Mr. Allen has pointed out, "produced little or no literature"—will at once say, "Why, there is Prentice, Stanton, Cutter, Harney, Cosby, Shaler, and Butler. Surely there is one, at least, among the many verses that these persons wrote, one really good poem." But if a congress of American poets were held it is safe to say that the people of Kentucky would choose Theodore O'Hara and Madison Cawein as their representatives.

The author of our State song,—Stephen Collins Foster,—while the foremost of American song writers, was a Pennsylvanian, and spent only a short time in Kentucky, the time in which he wrote "My Old Kentucky Home."

"Father" Abram Joseph Ryan, the poet-priest of the Confederacy, and one of the five greater Southern poets, died in Louisville, where he was engaged on his "Life of Christ." But a few months of residence is a very slender claim that any State can hold upon a man. If Kentucky had stronger claims on Foster and Ryan she would have four distinguished poets instead of two.

Of the great O'Hara little need be said in this paper, as he has found a biographer. It is enough to say here that his immortal masterpiece, "The Bivouac of the Dead," remains the one great elegy in American literature. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" is the only poem in our literature that can be compared with the "Bivouac," and it is too general in tone to be classed strictly as an elegy.

If a poet is to be judged by a single production, O'Hara is the greatest Kentucky poet; if a poet is to be judged by the body of his work, and not on a single production, Cawein is the greatest Kentucky poet. Much has been written of Cawein's poetry, but very little has been written of his life.

Madison Julius Cawein was born in Louisville, Kentucky, March 23, 1865. Paul Leicester Ford, author of "The Many-sided Franklin" and "Wanted—A Matchmaker," was born on the same day, in Brooklyn, New York. Cawein was the son of William and Christiana Cawein.

After some preparatory work, Madison Cawein entered the Louisville Male High School in 1881, at the age of sixteen years. He began to write verses while attending the High School, and recited them from the chapel rostrum. He wrote all of his declamations in verse, which he afterwards destroyed. While

at the High School he wrote enough verse to fill two large volumes. He was graduated in 1886, in a class of thirteen, at the age of twenty-one years. Unlike a great many poets, none of Cawein's classmates have become famous. The year after his graduation, John P. Morton & Co., of Louisville, published his first book, "Blooms of the Berry." This book was made up of the best of his school verses. William Dean Howells is the discoverer of Cawein. It was in the May number of *Harper's Magazine* of 1888, in the "Editor's Study," that Mr. Howells wrote an article on "A New Young Poet—Madison Cawein." After reviewing the poetry of Mr. Coates Kenney, the Ohio poet, and the author of the famous lyric, "Rain on the Roof," Howells quoted Cawein's "The Ideal" and "A Guinevere." He also found "Something different from the beautiful as literary England or literary New York has conceived it. Here is a fresh strain; the effect of longer seasons and wider horizons; the wine of the old English vine planted in another soil and ripened by a sun of Italian fervor, has a sweetness and fire of its own. This native spirit is enveloped in flavor too cloying for the critical palate at times, but one can easily fancy the rapture it must have for a reader as young as the poet." Here is the part of the poem "Guinevere," quoted by Mr. Howells:

Am I happy? Ask the fire
When it bursts its bounds and thrills
Some mad hours, as it wills
If those hours tire.

See! The moon has risen, white
As the bursten lily here
Rocking on the dusky mere
Like a silent light.

I must go now. See! There fell,
Molten into purple light,
One wild star. Kiss me good-night,
And once more farewell.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich also reviewed "Blooms of the Berry" favorably in the *Atlantic Monthly*. These kind reviews of Howells and Aldrich did a great deal for Cawein's reputation as a poet. What was greater still, they encouraged him to continue to write.

The next year Cawein published "The Triumph of Music," and since then he has published one, and sometimes two, volumes a year. There are one or two years in which he has failed to publish a volume, but they are very few indeed.

In 1891 Putnam's Sons brought out a volume of poems entitled "Days and Dreams." The next year, two books, with Cawein's name on the title-page, were published by the same firm: "Red Leaves and Roses" and "Poems of

Nature and Love." The latter volume was dedicated to "Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras." From the "Poems of Nature and Love" I have selected the following little lyric:

APOCALYPSE

Before I found you I had found
  Of your true eyes the open book
(Where re-created heaven wound
  Its wisdom with it) in the brook.

Ah, when I found you, looking in
  Those Scriptures of your eyes, above
All earth, o'ersoared earth's vulture, Sin,
  So apotheosized to love.

And, searching yet beneath it, saw
  The soul impatient of the sod—
What wonder then your love should draw
  Me to the nearer love of God.

In 1894 the same firm issued "Intimations of the Beautiful." "Intimations of the Beautiful" is the title poem, somewhat in the manner of "In Memoriam." Only three hundred and fifty copies of this book were published, and it is now out of print. He dedicated it to Henry M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine*, in the following language: "To the author of 'God in his World' with profound admiration." This book is the most philosophical

that Cawein has yet written, and is also his most sustained effort.

The next year Cawein tried his hand at translation, and made a creditable rendering of some German poems, which were published under the title "The White Snake." This book of translations was issued by the Morton Company, as so many of Cawein's books have been.

In 1896 he published two books, as he had done in 1892. The first was entitled "Undertones" and the second "The Garden of Dreams." "Undertones" was inscribed to the pathetic memory of the poet Henry Timrod.

In 1897 Cawein published nothing. He had published twelve books in nine years, and he was certainly entitled to a rest. This is a record which no American writer of standing can exceed. It has been the general adverse criticism that he has written too much—far too much. Cawein has also suffered from lack of self-criticism. He is not strict enough with himself and allows some poems to get into book form that ought to go into the waste basket.

In 1898 R. H. Russell, of New York, brought out "Shapes and Shadows," containing "A Southern Girl," and during the same year the Morton Company issued "Idyllic Monologues."

The next year Cawein sent his manuscript to the Putnams, and they issued a volume which proved to be one of his most successful books, "Myth and Romance." The poem on the battleship *Kentucky* is very fine.

THE "KENTUCKY"

(Battleship, launched March 24, 1898.)

Here's to her who bears the name
Of our State:
May the glory of her fame
Be as great!

In the battle's dread eclipse,
When she opens iron lips,
When our ships confront the ships
Of the foe,
May each word of steel she utters carry woe!

Here's to her!

Here's to her, who, like a knight
Mailed of old,
From far sea to sea the Right
Shall uphold.
May she always deal defeat,—
When contending navies meet,
And the battle's screaming sleet
Blinds and stuns,—
With the red, terrific thunder of her guns.

Here's to her!

Here's to her who bears the name
Of our State:
May the glory of her fame
Be as great!
Like a beacon, like a star,
May she lead our squadrons far,—
When the hurricane of war
Shakes the world,—
With her pennant in the vanward broad unfurled.

Here's to her!

In 1900 Cawein published nothing. But in 1901 Richard G. Badger & Co., of Boston, issued a lyrical eclogue entitled "One Day and Another." In the same year the Morton Company published "Weeds by the Wall." This volume contained "A Twilight Moth," which is Cawein's favorite of his poems.

All day the primroses have thought of thee,
Their golden heads close-haremed from the heat;
All day the mystic moonflowers silkenly
Veiled snowy faces—that no bee might greet
Or butterfly that, weighed with pollen, passed—
Keeping Sultana-charms for thee, at last,
Their lord, who comest to salute each sweet.

Cool-throated flowers, that avoid the days'
Too-fervid kisses; every bud that drinks
The tipsy dew and to the starlight plays
Nocturnes of fragrance, thy wing'd shadow links
In bonds of secret brotherhood and faith;
O bearer of their order's shibboleth,
Like some pale symbol fluttering o'er these pinks.

What dost thou whisper in the balsam's ear
That sets it blushing, or the hollyhocks—
A syllable silence that no man may hear—
As dreamily upon its stem it rocks?
What spell dost bear from listening plant to plant,
Like some white witch, some ghostly ministrant,
Some spectre of some perished flower of phlox?

O voyager of that universe which lies
Between the four walls of this garden fair—
Whose constellations are the fireflies
That wheel their instant courses everywhere—
'Mid fairy firmaments wherein one sees
Mimic Boötes and the Pleiades,
Thou steerest like some fairy ship-of-air.

Gnome-wrought of moonbeam fluff and gossamer,
Silent as scent, perhaps thou chariotest
Mab or King Oberon; or, haply, her
His queen, Titania, on some midnight quest.
O for the herb, the magic euphrasy,
That should unmask thee to mine eyes, ah me!
And all that world at which my soul hath guessed!

In the following year the same company brought out "A Voice on the Wind."

In 1902 Grant Richards, of London, England, published a book entitled "Kentucky Poems," with a sympathetic introduction by Edmund Gosse. This book was made up of the best poems from all the books that Cawein had published. In other words, it contained the cream of Cawein. In his introduction Gosse says that "The solemn books of history

tell us that Kentucky was discovered in 1769 by Daniel Boone, a hunter. But he first discovers a country who sees it first, and teaches the world to see it; no doubt, some day, the city of Louisville will erect, in one of its principal squares, a statue to Madison Cawein, who discovered the beauty of Kentucky." Mr. Gosse also says that, after the group of Massachusetts writers, American poetry was "smart" and "humorous," and that Cawein is now the only true living poet in this country. "History may perceive in Mr. Cawein the golden link that bound the music of the past to the music of the future through an interval of comparative tunelessness."

During the year 1904 Cawein contributed a great many poems to the *Atlantic Monthly, The Century, The Reader, The Smart Set, The Metropolitan,* and *Harper's Magazine.* He did not issue a book during this year, but in 1905 E. P. Dutton & Co. published "The Vale of Tempe," which is made up of these magazine poems. One of the best short poems in the book is "Autumn Storm."

The wind is rising, and the leaves are swept
Wildly before it, hundreds on hundreds fall
Huddling beneath the trees. With brag and brawl
Of storm the day is grown a tavern, kept
Of madness, where, with mantles torn and ripped
Of flying leaves that beat above it all,

The wild winds fight; and, like some half-spent ball,
The acorn stings the rout; and, silver-stripped,
The milkweed-pod winks an exhausted lamp;
Now, in his coat of tatters dark that streams,
The ragged Rain sweeps stormily this way,
With all his clamorous followers—clouds that camp
Around the hearthstone of the west where gleams
The last chill flame of the expiring day.

Last fall Cawein published "Nature Notes and Impressions." This is his first prose publication. A complete, uniform edition of Cawein's works, in five volumes, illustrated by Eric Pape, has just been issued. From the mechanical aspect the set is one of great beauty. Edmund Gosse, M. A., LL. D., who contributes the general introduction, says: "The only hermit-thrush now audible seems to sing from Louisville, Kentucky."

A hand-book of the flora of Kentucky could easily be compiled from Cawein's poems. If the books of Sadie F. Price were destroyed, the flavor of Kentucky flora would remain in Cawein's poetry. He has received more inspiration in the field than in the library. The fauna and climate of Kentucky he has also treated. In the words of an English reviewer: "The sights and sounds of Nature in Kentucky, pictured with ardent enthusiasm and with a real talent for felicitous expression, have a freshness to our ear which will commend Mr. Ca-

wein's poetry to English readers. . . . Many of his poems show an exquisite sense of the beauties of Nature and a graceful command of musical language."

A little lyric that Dr. Van Dyke called attention to some years ago is one of Cawein's best poems. It is entitled "Adventurers."

Seemingly over the hill-tops,
  Possibly under the hills,
A tireless wing that never drops,
  And a song that never stills.

Epics heard on the stars' lips?
  Lyrics read in the dew?
To sing the song at our finger-tips,
  And live the world anew!

Cavaliers of the Cortéz kind,
  Bold and stern and strong,—
And, oh, for a fine and muscular mind
  To sing a new-world's song!

Sailing seas of the silver morn,
  Winds of the balm and spice,
To put the Old-World art to scorn
  At the price of any price!

Danger, death, but the hope high!
  God's, if the purpose fail!
Into the deeds of a vaster sky
  Sailing a dauntless sail.

If Sidney Lanier has a successor in Southern poetry, Cawein is surely his successor. He

is supreme among living Southern poets. Father John B. Tabb and Samuel M. Peck are his only rivals for this honor. Among living American poets, Cawein ranks with E. C. Stedman, William V. Moody, James W. Riley, Edwin Markham, Henry van Dyke, and George E. Woodberry. His poetry is distinguished from the poetry of these men by its Kentucky flavor. What his ultimate place in American letters will be, no one, of course, can tell.

Cawein's poetry has been admired on both sides of the Atlantic. Some American tourists, lately returned from England, say that constantly in their travels they were asked if they knew the Kentucky poet. In England, as has already been suggested, Mr. Gosse, William Archer, and Arthur Symons have expressed their admiration for him in book form; in America, Howells, Aldrich, John Burroughs, and Hamilton W. Mabie have expressed their admiration for Cawein's poetry in magazine articles. The most appreciative recent critic of the Kentucky poet is Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse. In her book, "The Younger American Poets," and in the literary magazines, she has given him high rank among the latter-day poets of America. James Lane Allen, the foremost name in Kentucky prose, has said that Cawein is the greatest Kentucky poet, living or dead. Edwin Carlile Litsey, the

author of "The Love Story of Abner Stone," and the leader of the younger Kentucky writers in both prose and verse, calls Cawein "The Kentucky Woodland Thrush." In an article in *The Outlook* on Edward A. Robinson's "The Children of the Night," Theodore Roosevelt, the most literary of the American Presidents, has classed Cawein with Robinson, Clinton Scollard, Dr. Maurice Egan, and Bliss Carman as the leading living American poets. These, then, are the Theodoran poets. "To acknowledge unfamiliarity with the poetry of Madison Cawein is to acknowledge a woeful ignorance of contemporary American literature," says our President, and "Indian Summer" is his favorite of Cawein's poems.

Mr. Cawein has defined poetry, in a personal letter to me, as follows: "Poetry, I define, as the metrical or rhythmical expression of the emotions occasioned by the light or the knowledge of the beautiful and the noble in ourselves." A definition of poetry is to square the circle, and is interesting only as it shows the poet's attitude toward his work. Cawein was christened in the German Lutheran Church, but he has never renewed his vows. There are many sacred lyrics scattered throughout his volumes, one of the most beautiful being "Epilogue," the second stanza of which proves him to be not only a poet of Nature, but of Nature's God.

O God, our Father God!—
Who gav'st us fire,
To soar beyond the sod,
To rise, aspire—
What though we strive and strive,
And all our soul says "live"?
The empty scorn of men
Will sneer it down again.
And, O sun-centered high,
Who, too, art Poet,
Beneath Thy tender sky
Each day new Keatses die,
Calling all life a lie;
Can this be so—and why?—
And canst Thou know it?

Mr. Cawein married on June 4, 1903, Miss Gertrude McKelvey, a noted singer, and lives at 18 St. James Court, Louisville. Here the "Kentucky Keats" labors the whole day through, leading strictly the literary life. While he has written nothing but lyrics hitherto, would it not be worth while for him to attempt the drama or the epic? It is said that Stephen Phillips, the leader of the younger generation of English poets, is ambitious to write an epic of London life. Now, why could not Madison Cawein, the leader of the younger generation of American poets, combine his poems on Kentucky nature, with new poems on Kentucky heroes, and give to the world a mighty masterpiece—a Kentucky epic?

CHIVERS

CHIVERS

While Whitman is the most original and Chivers the least original of our country's poets, their idiosyncrasies bracket them together, forming the twin enigmas of American letters. The Camden poet placed thought above manner of expression; the Georgia poet sacrificed sense to sound. The first liked the dark meat; the second cared most for the light meat. Critics who study such men are usually overly enthusiastic, or condemn their works outright as trash. This was the fate of Whitman until he interested Mr. Bliss Perry in his poetry, and the admirable biography that the editor of *The Atlantic* wrote of him has done much, and will do more, to make him less of a riddle than he formerly was. But, poor Chivers! No Bliss Perry has deigned to write an adequate account of his life and works. Of course, there is Joel Benton's "In the Poe Circle," Hubner's "Representative Southern Poets," Prof. G. E. Woodberry's Papers in *The Century*, and Prof. J. A. Harrison's notices in his Poe volumes, but no comprehensive biography. While the present writer is greatly indebted to the above-named authors,

this study is not written to thresh over their material, but accurately to record Chivers's life in Kentucky. This is made possible by the recent discovery of references to him in the old records of Transylvania University. But in presenting his Kentucky life it will be necessary to write of his entire career with some degree of detail.

Thomas Holley Chivers, poet, artist, inventor, was born at Digby Manor, near Washington, Georgia, in 1807. His ancestors were English on both sides, and he was given his paternal grandfather's Christian name. Thomas Holley was the eldest of a family of three sons and four daughters. His father was Col. Robert Chivers, a wealthy Southern planter; his mother's family name was Digby. He was fitted for college at a well-known Georgia preparatory school, and, choosing medicine for his life work, he came to Lexington, Kentucky, in the fall of 1828, and entered the Medical School of the famous Transylvania—now Kentucky University.

The Medical School began on the first Monday in November and closed on the first Saturday of the following March. Dr. Chas. W. Short was dean of the school at the time Chivers matriculated, and was also Professor of Materia Medica and Medical Botany, and the following men were his colleagues: Dr. Wm.

H. Richardson, Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children; Dr. Chas. Caldwell, Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Practice; Dr. B. W. Dudley, Anatomy and Surgery; Dr. James Blythe, Chemistry and Pharmacy; and the chair of Theory and Practice of Medicine was held by Dr. John E. Cooke. These were the men under whom Chivers studied during the years spent at Transylvania University. They are the greatest names in the history of Kentucky medicine and surgery. As has been stated, Chivers entered the University in November, 1828, and the old Transylvania records show that he was the one hundred and thirty-fifth matriculate. He took a ticket for one course in a class of two hundred and six members. Chivers was undoubtedly a good student, as he made his ticket and then returned to his home in the early spring of 1829.

November, 1829, and Thomas Holley Chivers, of Wilkes County, Georgia, is the ninety-second matriculate in a class of one hundred and ninety-nine members. During his second year he took two tickets. His medical preceptor, that is, the man with whom he studied before coming to the University and also during vacation, was Dr. Leonidas B. Mercer, a graduate of the Philadelphia Medical College.

On the morning of Wednesday, March 17,

1830, the Board of Trustees of Transylvania University met in regular session, with Thomas Nelson, chairman *pro tempore,* presiding. A communication was received from Dean Short, requesting that the degree of Doctor of Medicine be conferred upon seventy-one young men from the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Virginia, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Maryland. The Board immediately conferred the degrees upon the class, which was the largest one graduated up to that time. On the same day the public commencement was held in the Medical Hall, and all the graduates were required to present dissertations for the degree. Chivers's subject was "Intermittent and Semittent Bilious Fever."

From early boyhood Chivers had written verse, and one of his youthful attempts, "Georgia Waters," composed at Transylvania University, was afterward published in "Nacoochee."

In 1832 Chivers went North to live, and soon afterward married a Northern woman, Miss Harriet Hunt. Their first four children died in infancy, but a son and two daughters were later born to them. The son died when a young man, but the two daughters are still living.

Chivers published his first work, a tragedy,

"Conrad and Eudora," at Philadelphia, in 1834. The scene of this drama was laid in Kentucky, and the incidents were suggested by real events connected with Jeroboam Beauchamp's murder of Col. Solomon P. Sharp, at Frankfort, Kentucky, in 1825. Sharp had been the betrayer of Beauchamp's wife before the latter married her. When Beauchamp learned the facts, he went to Sharp's home and killed him. Poe wrote a drama on this murder, and Charles Fenno Hoffman and William Gilmore Simms wrote novels upon it. During the following year Chivers wrote for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, the famous old paper of Richmond, Virginia.

In 1837 Chivers issued his first volume of poems at New York, which he called "Nacoochee." This book attracted considerable attention, and the author spent much time in the North, where he met many distinguished persons. There was nothing in this first book but echoes of his poetical masters, Moore, Coleridge, Blake, Keats, Shelley, and the Bible. He "was one of the first Americans to be 'Shelley-mad.'" He had been brought up a Baptist, but now he became a Swedenborgian, a transcendentalist, and an "associationist." "The son of a Southern slaveholder, a devotee of Shelley, a friend of Boston vagaries, Chi-

vers had fallen on unlucky times"; and all these things became more a part of him as he grew older.

In 1840 Edgar Allan Poe was making a desperate effort to launch successfully the *Penn Magazine* in Philadelphia. He persuaded Chivers to become one of his contributors and to obtain subscriptions for the magazine. The magazine fell through, and Chivers next heard from Poe when Poe "tomahawked" Chivers's poetry. Chivers remonstrated, and Poe apologized. Two years later Poe again attempted to start the *Penn Magazine*, and this time asked Chivers to become his partner. Poe needed money and he knew that Chivers was about to get a large sum from his father's estate. The physician-poet refused to join him, but he did obtain some subscriptions for the magazine. About this time Chivers lost his little daughter and went South for the funeral. From Augusta, Georgia, under date of December 7, 1842, Chivers wrote Poe one of the saddest letters ever penned. His reference to his little blue-eyed child is wonderfully pathetic and pitiful. At the close he asks Poe about the *Penn Magazine*, and Poe took two years to answer his letter. When he did reply he told Chivers that he had changed the name of the magazine to the *Stylus*, and renewed his offer to Chivers to join him. And again the

Georgia poet refused. Although they had corresponded for several years, Poe and Chivers met for the first time in 1845 on the street in New York. Poe was intoxicated, and Chivers took him home to Mrs. Clemm. When he was sober, Chivers called to see him, and they discussed at length the world's "Sons of Song." Chivers afterward wrote his reminiscences of Poe, but they are untrustworthy.

Just before he left New York for Georgia he published "The Lost Pleiad." Poe reviewed it favorably in his new magazine, *The Broadway Journal*. He now made another attempt to get money from Chivers with which to pay for this paper, but the Doctor was too wise to sink any money in Poe's mushroom magazines. Two or three more letters passed between the two men, but Poe finally cast Chivers off when he saw he could not use him in a financial way. Chivers worshiped Poe, thought him the greatest of men, condoned his great weakness, but had sense enough not to let him burn up any of his money. He was a hero-worshiper, and Poe was his hero. Is it any wonder that he tried to ape his master? After Poe's death Chivers partially compiled a biography of him that would have successfully refuted, no doubt, Griswold's attack, had he lived to finish it.

Chivers's next book was "Facets of Diamond," which was followed by "Eonchs of

Ruby," his most famous volume. It was issued at New York in 1851, and contained one hundred and sixty-eight pages. Scholars are indebted to Professor Harrison for discovering the meaning of Eonch-horn, shell. The titles of Chivers's other works, given in the order of their publication, are: "Virginalia," 1853; "Memoralia," published during the same year, containing "Eonchs of Ruby," preceded by a long poem; "Atlanta," 1855; "The Sons of Usna," a five-act drama, published at Philadelphia in 1858; and his last volume, the only one with a conventional title, "Heroes of Freedom."

A complete set of Chivers's works is to be found only in the British Museum; Brown University possesses six of the ten volumes. Individual volumes are owned by the poets Stedman and Swinburne, both of whom, and especially Swinburne, are great admirers of Chivers's poetry.

Although primarily a poet, Chivers was also an artist and an inventor. He made several creditable portraits of his family and some splendid pen-and-ink sketches. He had an inventive mind, not only for the coining of curious words and phrases, but for practical inventions. He originated a machine for unwinding the fiber from silk cocoons, that won a prize at a Southern exposition. Chivers was also a Hebrew scholar of recognized ability.

The many biblical allusions in his poetry are the result of his study in this field.

We come now to the famous Poe-Chivers controversy. It is essentially a one-sided affair, Chivers and his friends being the ones who fed the flames. It was in a letter to William Gilmore Simms that Chivers said Poe stole the words "Lenore," "nevermore," and the form and rhythm of "The Raven" from him, and then added that he was "the Southern man who taught Mr. Poe all these things." To another friend Chivers wrote, "Poe stole all his 'Raven' from me; but was the greatest poetical critic that ever existed." Chivers's friends took up this charge, it was denied by Poe's friends, and thus the battle has been waged for over half a century. The charge is altogether absurd, but, in order to allow the reader to judge for himself, "To Allegra Florence in Heaven" is reproduced in part. It was written in 1842, about two years before "The Raven" was published, and is the so-called "original" of Poe's great poem:

> When thy soft round form was lying
> On the bed where thou wert sighing,
> I could not believe thee dying,
> Till thy angel-soul had fled;
> For no sickness gave me warning,
> Rosy health thy cheeks adorning—
> Till that hope-destroying morning,
> When my precious child lay dead!

Now, thy white shroud covers slightly
Thy pale limbs, which were so sprightly,
While thy snow-white arms lie lightly
On thy soul-abandoned breast;
As the dark blood faintly lingers
In thy pale, cold, lily fingers,
Thou, the sweetest of Heaven's singers!
Just above thy heart at rest!

. . . . .

Holy angels now are bending
To receive thy soul ascending
Up to Heaven to joys unending,
And to bliss which is divine;
While thy pale, cold form is fading
Under death's dark wings now shading
Thee with gloom which is pervading
This poor, broken heart of mine!

For, as birds of the same feather
On the earth will flock together,
So, around thy *Heavenly Father*,
They now gather there with thee—
Ever joyful to behold thee—
In their soft arms to enfold thee,
And to whisper words oft told thee
In this trying world by me!
With my bowed head thus reclining
On my hand, my heart repining,
Shall my salt tears, ever shining
On my pale cheeks, flow for thee—
Bitter soul-drops ever stealing
From the fount of holy feeling,
Deepest anguish now revealing,
For thy loss, dear child! to me!

As an egg, when broken, never
Can be mended, but must ever
Be the same crushed egg forever—
  So shall this dark heart of mine!
Which, though broken, is still breaking,
And shall never more cease aching
For the sleep which has no waking—
  For the sleep which now is thine!

And as God doth lift thy spirit
Up to Heaven, there to inherit
Those rewards which it doth merit,
  Such as none have reaped before;
Thy dear father will, to-morrow,
Lay thy body, with deep sorrow,
In the grave which is so narrow—
  There to rest for evermore!

In Joel Benton's opinion "the most Poe-like and the best of his pieces is undoubtedly his 'Lily Adair.'"

I

The Apollo Belvidere was adorning
  The Chamber where Eulalie lay,
While Aurora, the Rose of the Morning,
  Smiled full in the face of the Day.
All around stood the beautiful Graces
  Bathing Venus—some combing her hair—
While she lay in her husband's embraces
  A-moulding my Lily Adair—
  Of my fawn-like Lily Adair—
  Of my dove-like Lily Adair—
  Of my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

II

Where the Oreads played in the Highlands,
And the Water-Nymphs bathed in the streams,
In the tall Jasper Reeds of the Islands—
She wandered in life's early dreams.
For the Wood-Nymphs then brought from the Wild-
wood
The turtle-doves Venus kept there,
Which the Dryades tamed, in his childhood,
For Cupid, to Lily Adair—
To my dove-like Lily Adair—
To my lamb-like Lily Adair—
To my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

III

Where the Opaline Swan circled, singing,
With her eider-down Cygnets at noon,
In the tall Jasper Reeds that were springing
From the marge of the crystal Lagoon—
Rich Canticles, clarion-like, golden,
Such as only true love can declare,
Like an Archangel's voice in times olden—
I went with my Lily Adair—
With my lamb-like Lily Adair—
With my saint-like Lily Adair—
With my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

IV

Her eyes, lily-lidded, were azure,
Cerulean, celestial, divine—
Suffused with the soul-light of pleasure,
Which drew all the soul out of mine.

She had all the rich grace of the Graces,
And all that they had not to spare;
For it took all their beautiful faces
To make one for Lily Adair—
For my Christ-like Lily Adair—
For my Heaven-born Lily Adair—
For my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

V

She was fairer by far than that Maiden,
The star-bright Cassiope,
Who was taken by angels to Aiden,
And crowned with eternity.
For her beauty the Sea-Nymphs offended,
Because so surpassingly fair;
And so death then the precious life ended
Of my beautiful Lily Adair—
Of my Heaven-born Lily Adair—
Of my star-crowned Lily Adair—
Of my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

VI

From her Paradise-Isles in the ocean,
To the beautiful City of On,
By the mellifluent rivers of Goshen,
My beautiful Lily is gone!
In her Chariot of Fire translated,
Like Elijah, she passed through the air,
To the City of God golden-gated—
The Home of my Lily Adair—
Of my star-crowned Lily Adair —
Of my God-loved Lily Adair—
Of my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

VII

On the vista-path made by the Angels,
In her Chariot of Fire, she rode,
While the Cherubim sang their Evangels—
To the Gates of the City of God.
For the Cherubim-land that went with her,
I saw them pass out of the air—
I saw them go up through the ether
Into Heaven with my Lily Adair—
With my Christ-like Lily Adair—
With my God-like Lily Adair—
With my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

In 1856 Chivers returned to Georgia and made his home in Decatur. He was now offered the chair of physiology in a Southern medical college, but ill health compelled him to decline. He died at his Decatur home, December 18, 1858. His death was noticed all over the country, and a Danish scholar wrote an elegy on the event.

Chivers had the poet's face. An old picture reveals a fine mouth, deep-set eyes, black hair, high forehead, altogether a splendid ensemble.

What will probably prove to be his most immortal stanza is one in "Rosalie Lee," that Bayard Taylor called attention to. This title was a double steal from Poe and Philip P. Cooke.

Many mellow Cydonian suckets,
Sweet apples, anthosmal, divine,
From the ruby-rimmed beryline buckets,
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;
Like the sweet golden goblet found growing
On the wild emerald cucumber-tree,
Rich, brilliant, like chrysoprase glowing,
Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee.

While Chivers filched Poe's titles and what little thought there was in Poe's poems, no man can accuse the Doctor of having appropriated Poe's vocabulary or his tropes. His diction and figures are certainly something new under the literary sun. He would never have claimed to be Poe's precursor had he not been troubled with the "Orphic egotism." Of course, Poe read Chivers's poems as he did many others, and they had a place in the making of "The Raven," but that he should claim any of his poems to have been the original of Poe's masterpiece was to make himself absurd in the eyes of all mankind. Professor Woodberry has stated the real difference between the immortal Poe and the "almost" immortal Chivers —"The difference was that Poe was a genius, while Chivers only thought he was one."

ONE WORD MORE

ONE WORD MORE

WHEN Jesus Christ said, "A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house," He spoke a truth which Kentucky's literati have found cruelly true. Now, I do not claim Kentucky has given to the world more than a very few writers who could be called prophets, or the sons of prophets, but I do claim Kentucky has produced several writers who are more than herdsmen and gatherers of wild figs.

It is indeed hard lines when the best informed man on Kentucky history can write that our State is a poor one in which to sell books; authors are more likely to starve here than in any other State; and adds, he has been watching the trade for over fifty years, and knows only a half dozen books which have made money for the authors. But one may ask: "Do Kentucky authors write books merely for money?" "How about art for art's sake?" The fact that only one literary man, now a resident of Kentucky, lives solely by his pen, answers the first interrogation; the others are ministers, professors, lawyers, jour-

nalists, etc. To the second question, be it said, Kentucky authors are writing not for art's sake, but for humanity's sake.

In the final chapter of this book I desire to call attention to the living Kentucky writers who are struggling for recognition. They may almost be called the submerged persons of Kentucky life. For lack of space, little more than the roll will be called—just a note about each writer.

The foremost Kentucky novelists of to-day, James Lane Allen and John Fox, Jr., will be dismissed with just a word of comparative criticism, as both are well-known figures in contemporary American letters, and need no encomiums at my hands. Fox can tell a story better than Allen, but the older writer has been more fortunate in choosing his backgrounds, and in the style of prose that has chiefly characterized Kentucky novelists from the beginning—description—Allen is Fox's superior. It would, of course, be superfluous to say anything additional about the leader of our living poets, Mr. Cawein, as one paper has already been devoted to his life and work. It will also be unnecessary to mention the authors of the Filson Club publications, most of whom are still with us, as they, too, have been treated.

That more fiction is being written by the present generation of American writers than

all other forms of literature combined, no one will gainsay. This is especially true of Kentucky's writers. And because we have more fiction to deal with than any other branch of literature, fiction will be considered first.

A woman who has produced novels comparable to any ever written by an American woman is Gertrude Atherton. Although born in California, Kentucky has a claim on her. In a personal letter, written from Munich, to the present writer, Mrs. Atherton tells of her Kentucky life: "I attended Sayre Institute for a year when I was sixteen, being sent East for my health. The doctor ordered a rigorous winter, and as my grandfather had a sister, Mrs. Robert Bullock, living in Lexington, I was sent to her. I remained only a year. . . . No, I have never written of Kentucky; why, I hardly know, for my memories of my sojourn there are of the pleasantest. I have never forgotten my delight in the first snow-storm and my first nutting expedition in the woods." "The Conqueror," a dramatized biography, and "Hamilton's Letters" conclusively prove Mrs. Atherton to be the greatest living student of Alexander Hamilton. "Rulers of Kings," "The Bell in the Fog," and her latest book, "Rezanov," have given her high rank among American writers of prose fiction.

A woman upon whom Kentucky has a

stronger claim than upon Mrs. Atherton is Alice Hegan Rice. Born in Shelbyville, Kentucky, thirty-seven years ago, she was educated at Hampton College, Louisville, and immediately began to write. She had a trunk full of rejected manuscripts when the Century Company accepted "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," in 1901. The book may be rightfully called an epic of optimism. It struck out an untrodden path in American fiction. Alice Caldwell Hegan was the name that appeared on the title-page of the first editions of "Mrs. Wiggs"; but in the winter of 1902 Miss Hegan married Cale Young Rice, a man of letters, two years her junior. In 1903 Mrs. Rice's second book, "Lovey Mary," appeared. In only one chapter did she rise to the heights attained in her first novel. Two years ago in "Sandy" she told the love-story of a young Scotchman transplanted on Kentucky soil. Mrs. Rice's fourth book will probably be published during this year.

Ingram Crockett was born in Henderson, Kentucky, February 10, 1856. His father was a well-known lawyer and orator. Mr. Crockett was educated at the Henderson public schools, and then married Mary C. Stites in 1887. His first work, a book of poems, entitled "Beneath Blue Skies and Gray," was published some years ago. The poem on Au-

dubon is especially fine. This volume was followed by "A Year-Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields." A finer piece of nature prose has never been written in Kentucky. Mr. Crockett's latest book, "A Brother of Christ," is a highly religious story. There is a sect in western Kentucky known as Christiandelphians, and the hero of the author's story is a believer in this form of religion. How he broke away from this belief and came out a well-rounded Christian is Mr. Crockett's part to tell.

One of Kentucky's proudest hopes in fiction is Abbie Carter Goodloe, the daughter of a distinguished Kentucky lawyer, born in Versailles, Kentucky, and graduated from Wellesley in 1898. In the following year her first book, "College Girls," appeared. Four years later, "Calvert of Strathore," with its French background, was issued, bearing the Scribner imprint. In 1905 the same firm brought out her best and latest book, "At the Foot of the Rockies." Competent critics have favorably compared this work with some of Kipling's best stories. Miss Goodloe's home is in literary Louisville, but she spends a great deal of her time in traveling.

Edwin Carlile Litsey's first book, "The Princess of Granfalon," was a daring piece of imagination, but his "Love Story of Abner Stone" was milder, sweeter, and more digni-

fied. The story reminds one of Mr. Allen's "A Kentucky Cardinal," and it does not suffer by comparison with that little masterpiece. Something over a year ago Mr. Litsey's latest book, "The Race of the Swift," a story of wild animals, was brought out by Little, Brown & Company. He has a new novel and a book of essays that will appear this winter.

Mr. Litsey's friend, Frank Waller Allen, had an exquisite idyl of Kentucky life issued last year, entitled "Back to Arcady." The chaste language and high moral tone should have commended the book to more readers than it did. Students of Kentucky letters are now looking toward Missouri with wistful eyes for Mr. Allen's new book, "Old Authors to Read," which will be issued this fall.

Born in Kentucky in 1849, James Newton Baskett migrated to Missouri and graduated from Missouri State University. Ill health compelled him to go to Colorado, where he spent several years. Mr. Baskett has written three standard zoological works, and the Macmillan Company issued his first two novels—"At You-All's House" and "As the Light Led." His latest work, "Sweet Brier and Thistledown," was published four or five years ago.

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews is one of the cleverest of the present-day school of novel-

ists. She is the daughter of a distinguished Episcopal minister and an "all-Kentuckian." "Vive l'Empereur," "A Kidnapped Colony," "Bob and the Guides," "The Perfect Tribute," and "The Militants" are her published works. Probably the best thing Mrs. Andrews has done is "The Perfect Tribute"—Lincoln's reception at Gettysburg.

The associate editor of the *Courier-Journal*, Harrison Robertson, is a Tennesseean born. Mr. Robertson is more of a journalist than a novelist, but he has written six works of fiction: "How the Derby Was Won," "If I Were a Man," "Red Blood and Blue," "The Inlander," "The Opponents," and his most recent novel, "The Pink Typhoon," an automobile love-story.

Elizabeth Robins was born in Kentucky and educated in Ohio. She is now living in London. Miss Robins has written "Fatal Gift of Beauty," "The Open Question," "The Magnetic North," "A Dark Lantern," and her latest story, "Come and Find Me," is running serially in *The Century* at the present time. She has also produced a play, "Votes for Women," that is an English sensation.

Three Kentucky women have won the hearts of many children on both sides of the Atlantic by their stories of child life. Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston with her famous "Little Colo-

nel" series; Mrs. George Madden Martin with "Emmy Lou," "The House of Fulfillment," and her latest story, "Letitia: Nursery Corps, U. S. A."; and Mrs. Martin's sister, Eva A. Madden, now living in Italy, has written historical books for children in a remarkably simple manner. Miss Madden's "Two Royal Foes" will be issued in time for the Christmas trade. A boy's story, of the Cooper type, was told by Garrett M. Davis, "In the Footsteps of Boone." John H. Bacon, born in Maine, now a resident of Kentucky, wrote "The Pursuit of Phyllis." Nancy Huston Banks has written one good novel, "Oldfield." Eleanor T. Kinkead's "The Invisible Bond," a novel of present-day Kentucky life, was a good seller last summer. Mrs. H. D. Pittman told the love-story of a Harvard man, and preserved some splendid traditions in "The Belle of the Blue Grass Country."

A Methodist clergyman, George V. Morris, has two successful novels to his credit: "A Man for a' That," a religious story of college life, and "Polly," a novel of ideals. Dr. Morris bids fair to become "the Kentucky Kingsley." Hallie Erminie Rives won an audience with "Hearts Courageous," and "The Castaway," based on Lord Byron's life. In "Tales from Dickens" Miss Rives, who recently married in Japan and is now Mrs. Post Wheeler,

has done for Dickens what Lamb did for Shakespeare. Two Kentucky women who have made good in Washington journalism and have written one book each are Estelle H. Manning, "Hafiz," and Daisy Fitzhugh Ayres, "The Conquest."

Two "old-timers" in the world of fiction who are still in the land of the living are Mary J. Holmes, a daughter of Massachusetts, but who was living in Kentucky when she wrote "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lena Rivers," etc.; and Sallie R. Ford, whose "Grace Truman" was a great family favorite a quarter of a century ago. Joseph A. Altsheler has made a fictional tour of American history, writing "Guthrie of the Times," "The Candidate," and nine other novels. A celebrated chemist who has snatched time enough from his scientific duties to write "Stringtown on the Pike," "Warwick of the Knobs," and "Redhead," is John Uri Lloyd. Born in New Orleans, Abby Meguire Rosch became a resident of this State at an early age. Besides many magazine articles, she has had "Some Successful Marriages." Some clever dialect stories were told by James T. Ellis in "Sprigs o' Mint." Prof. R. H. Wilson ("Richard Fisguill") produced a Kentucky extravaganza in "The Venus of Cadiz." A young woman who has written much magazine stuff will

have out her first book this coming winter—Miss Venita Seibert, "The Gossamer Thread." The most prolific Kentucky novelist of the year 1906 was Roe R. Hobbs. Mr. Hobbs published three books: "Zaos," "Gates of Flame," and "The Court of Pilate." Two Kentucky novels that have sold as companions, although published by different firms, are "The Lady of the Decoration," by Mrs. Frances Caldwell Macauley ("Frances Little"), and "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," by Mrs. Lida Calvert Obenchain ("Eliza Calvert Hall"). Both books rank with the "six best sellers." William E. Barton, J. M. Clay, Frances A. Harris, Agnes L. Hill, Mary Leonard, A. C. Minogue, George Rathborne, K. S. McKinney ("Katydid"), who has recently turned novelist, writing "The Silent Witness"; Langdon Smith and H. M. Wharton are all living Kentucky novelists who have written successful works of fiction.

The old division of poetry will be followed in discussing the Kentucky poets of the present generation. The lyric poets will be first considered. After Cawein, Robert Burns Wilson finds his place. Mr. Wilson was born in Pennsylvania, October 30, 1850. He was educated at home and in Virginia, moving to the latter State when twenty-two years of age. Soon afterward he removed to Frankfort, Ken-

tucky, in which town his best literary and artistic work was done. He has published two volumes of poems, "Life and Love," "Shadows of the Trees," and a novel, "Until the Daybreak." Mr. Wilson is now living in New York, and is giving practically all his time to painting. "The Shrine of Love and Other Poems" marked Lucien V. Rule as a poet of ability. The title poem is in eight parts, and it takes up the major portion of the book. The remaining poems are lyrics of love and freedom. Mr. Rule's latest work, entitled "When John Bull Comes A-Courtin'," is a collection of political and social satires.

The last leaf on the old Prentice poetical tree is Mrs. John J. Piatt, now living in Ohio. A poem already referred to in this book, "A Word with a Skylark," is, to me, her best poem. Wm. H. Brashear, Alice Brotherton, Laura G. Collins, George W. Doneghy, John A. Joyce, William W. Harney, Morrison Heady, E. B. Finck, Will J. Lampton, R. M. Lucky, and Mrs. Lillian R. Messenger, whose new book, "The Heroine of the Hudson," contains a spirited tribute to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, are all well-known figures in contemporary American poetry. Charles Hanson Towne, associate editor of *The Smart Set,* is a native Kentuckian who has written excellent *vers de société.*

Kentucky has three poets who have attempted the epic. In the "Song of Lancaster," written in the Hiawathan metre, Mrs. E. D. Potts elicited praise from the author of the American Indian epic. William L. Visscher, besides being the author of several works of fiction and many lyrics, wrote "Chicago: An Epic." It is a metrical history of the Windy City and contains many fine lines. Another Kentuckian who has made a place for himself in the life of Alabama is Warfield Creath Richardson. "Gaspar," a metrical romance, was followed by Mr. Richardson's epic, "The Fall of the Alamo."

Only one successful stage drama has been written by a son of Kentucky; the others are only closet-dramas. Charles Turner Dazey, born in another State but educated at a Kentucky college, wrote "In Old Kentucky," which has held the stage for fifteen years. Mr. Dazey is also the author of several other stage dramas. A prominent Presbyterian minister, Peyton Harrison Hoge, author of "Moses D. Hoge," a biography of his distinguished uncle, has written a biblical drama, "The Divine Tragedy." John W. Keller's "Tangled Lives," Edwin D. Schoonmaker's "The Saxons," an attack on Christianity, Cale Young Rice's poetic dramas, "David," "Charles di Tocca," "Yolanda," and "A Night in Avignon," are

intended for the study and not for the stage.

In historical literature several Kentuckians have done painstaking, thoughtful work. President Ethelbert D. Warfield's historical study of "The Kentucky Resolutions," and his "Life of Joseph C. Breckinridge, Jr.," are beyond any adverse criticism. "At the Evening Hour" reveals the spiritual side of the author.

Bishop John L. Spalding, with a life of Martin J. Spalding, an ode to Kentucky, and several volumes of deeply religious poetry, has made a place for himself in American letters. Margaret V. Smith has written "The Governors of Virginia" and "Virginia, 1492-1892." "Morgan's Cavalry," by Gen. Basil W. Duke, published over a quarter of a century ago, was issued last year bearing the Neale Publishing Company's imprint. The same firm brought out "Confederate Operations in Canada and New York," the work of a former Kentucky Secretary of State, John W. Headley. A volume containing excellent sketches of public men of the last two decades was O. O. Stealey's "Twenty Years in the Press Gallery." Joseph M. Rogers's "True Henry Clay" was a fair estimate of the statesman. William E. Connelly has written biographies of John Brown, James H. Lane, and

Senator John J. Ingalls. George M. Cruikshank wrote the story of the governors and supreme court justices of Alabama. Miss Emily V. Mason is the author of the first life of Lee, and also the compiler of "Southern Poems of the War." Louise Manly's "Southern Writers" is the standard anthology of Southern authors. Gross Alexander, Henry E. Dosker, L. P. Little, J. L. Stickney, W. J. Hendrick, and Lydia A. Ward have written adequate biographies of their subjects. Good school histories have been prepared by E. S. Kinkead, Emma Connelly, and Caroline V. Chenoweth. The "History of Higher Education in Kentucky" was written by Alvin Fayette Lewis, President of Waynesburg College, Pennsylvania.

Probably the most important Kentucky autobiography issued in recent years was that of Dr. S. D. Gross, edited by his sons, one of whom was born in this State. Dr. Gross was a Kentuckian by adoption. He was a member of the faculty of the Louisville Medical College for sixteen years. Dr. Gross wrote the authoritative life of Dr. Ephraim McDowell, in which he established McDowell's claim as being the Father of Ovariotomy. Mary Anderson, the celebrated actress, was reared in Louisville, and made her début there. Some

years ago she wrote "A Few Memories," a book of stage reminiscences. In literary criticism Kentucky has four well-equipped critics. Professor R. P. Halleck is the author of a textbook on English literature, and has also edited "The Last of the Mohicans." John G. Speed, editor of the "Life and Letters of John Keats," is a great-nephew of the poet, being the grandson of Keats's brother George, who emigrated to America and lived for many years in Kentucky. George Keats died at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1842. Two newspaper critics of ability are Evelyn Snead Barnett, Mrs. Waltz's successor as literary editor of the *Courier-Journal,* and Montgomery Phister, dramatic critic of the *Commercial Tribune.* A political essayist, whose characterizations of public men have gained him a world-wide fame, is a Kentuckian, Eugene Newman, "Savoyard." Originally published in newspapers, "Savoyard's Essays" have been recently collected and issued in book form.

In present-day scholarship William B. Smith of Tulane, Crawford H. Toy of Harvard, Noah K. Davis of the University of Virginia, R. W. Deering of Western Reserve, and M. M. Dawson, a translator of Norwegian, are prominent names.

Kentucky can claim one of the two or three

persons in America who are investigating the science known as anthropo-geography. Ellen C. Semple, born in Louisville, educated at Vassar and the University of Leipzig, is the woman who has given to the world the results of her researches in this science in a book entitled "American History and Its Geographic Conditions." This work deals with history philosophically.

Genuine humor mixed with a kindly, world-wise philosophy, is best represented by George Horace Lorimer, editor-in-chief of the *Saturday Evening Post.* Mr. Lorimer was born in Kentucky, the son of a distinguished Baptist clergyman, and was educated at Colby and Yale. "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" and "Old Gorgon Graham" were appreciated over all the English-reading world.

At the present time five historical works, dealing with Kentuckians and Kentucky, are in preparation. Henry Watterson is laboring on his long-delayed life of Lincoln; Thomas H. Clay was preparing an account of his illustrious grandfather for the American Crisis Biographies, when he died in the midst of his labors, leaving them to be finished by another hand; Charles Fennell is engaged on the life, writings, and speeches of Thomas F. Marshall; and Prof. Robert M. Mc-

Elroy, of Princeton, author of "The Mexican War," is compiling a history of his native State, Kentucky.

One may readily see that the accusation made by a prominent man, "Kentucky is producing nothing but light literature," is wholly unfounded. The truth is, Kentuckians are yearly enriching American history by their contributions to it.

FINIS